

Z E N O B I A:

A

T R A G E D Y.

As it is performed at the

T H E A T R E R O Y A L

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E.

By the AUTHOR of the

O R P H A N O F C H I N A.

T H E F O U R T H E D I T I O N.

L O N D O N:

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T O

Mrs. D A N C E R.

M A D A M,

**I**N a country, where addressees of this nature have generally waited upon the Great, upon a Wealthy Merchant, a Rich Commissary, or some New Man from the Sugar-islands, it will appear as surprizing to many, as, no doubt, it will to yourself, that a New Form of Dedication should now be introduced. For the trouble I am giving you it will, however, be unnecessary to make any further apology, when I observe that in France, where talents are honoured, it has been frequently the practice of the most celebrated wits to do justice to those, who, by their profession, are the very Organ of the Muses. A VOLTAIRE and a MARMONTEL have paid their compliments to a CLAIRON: and why may not an English Author, inferior as he is, and ever must be, to writers of that class, rival at least their politeness, by addressing himself to Mrs. DANCER, one of the first Ornaments of the British Theatre?

There are, indeed, I must confess it, some demands upon my gratitude on this occasion, which even now are struggling to call my attention another way. Mr. GARRICK, Madam, has a claim to all the handsome things that can be said of him. His politeness from the moment he saw the play, his assiduity in preparing it for representation, the taste with which he has decorated it, and the warmth of his zeal for the honour of the piece, are circumstances that call upon me for the strongest acknowledgements. I  
could

## DEDICATION.

could employ my pen with pleasure in thanking Mr. BARRY for the very fine exertion of his powers, wherever the Poet gave the smallest opportunity. Mr. HOLLAND, who had before now given spirit to such scenes as mine, has renewed the obligation. I could add others to the list, but they, and even Mr. GARRICK at their head, must excuse me, if I turn to Mrs. DANCER, and say with *Hamlet*, "Here's metal more attractive."

ZENOBIA, Madam, is your own entirely. Wherever my inaccuracy has left imperfections, they are so happily varnished over by your skill, that either they are not seen, or you extort forgiveness for them: and if the Author is any where lucky enough to *snatch a grace* beyond his usual reach, it is multiplied by your address into a number of beauties, like the SWORD in *Tasso's Jerusalem*, which, when brandished by the hand of *Rinaldo*, appears to the whole army to be THREE SWORDS.

The fate of ZENOBIA has been very extraordinary. She was saved in her life-time from the waters of the *Araxes* by the hand of a shepherd, and now she is saved from the critics by Mrs. DANCER.

In testimony of the fact, the play, Madam, is inscribed to you by him, who admires your talents, and remains

Your most obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

March 3, 1768.



# P R O L O G U E:

Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND.

**O**F old,—when Rome in a declining age  
Of lawless pow'r had felt the barb'rous rage,  
This was the tyrant's art:—He gave a prize  
To him, who a new pleasure should devise.

Ye tyrants of the Pit, whose cold disdain  
Rejects and nauseates the repeated strain;  
Who call for rarities to quicken sense,  
Say, do you always the reward dispense?

Ye bards,--- to whom French wit gives kind relief,  
Are ye not oft the first — to cry STOP THIEF!

Say, ---to a brother do you e're allow  
One little sprig, one leaf to deck his brow?  
No;---- fierce invective stuns the play-wright's ears,  
Wits, Poets corner, Ledgers, Gazetteers?

'Tis said, the Tartar, ---- e're he pierce the heart,  
Inscribes his name upon his poison'd dart.

That scheme's rejected by each scribbling spark;  
---Our Christian system — stabs you in the dark.

And yet the desp'rate author of to-night  
Dares on the muses wing another flight;  
Once more a dupe to fame forsakes his ease,  
And feels th' ambition --- here again to please.

He brings a tale from a far distant age,  
Enobled by the grave historic page! \*  
Zenobia's woes have touch'd each polish'd state;  
The brightest eyes of France have mourn'd her fate.  
Harmonious Italy her tribute paid,  
And sung a dirge to her lamented shade.

Yet think not that we mean to mock the eye  
With pilfer'd colours of a foreign dye.  
Nor to translate our bard his pen doth dip;  
He takes a play, as Britons take a ship;  
They heave her down; --- with many a sturdy stroke,  
Repair her well, and build with Heart of Oak.  
To ev'ry breeze set Britain's streamers free,  
NEW-MAN her, and away again to sea.

This is our author's aim; --- and if his art  
Waken to sentiment the feeling heart;  
If in his scenes alternate passions burn,  
And friendship, love, guilt, virtue take their turn;  
If innocence oppress'd lie bleeding here,  
You'll give --- 'tis all he asks--- one VIRTUOUS TEAR.

\* Tacitus Ann. Lib. 12. Sect. 44, to end of 51.

## Dramatis Personæ.

PHARASMANES,	Mr. AICKIN.
RHADAMISTUS,	Mr. BARRY.
TERIBAZUS,	Mr. HOLLAND.
ZOPIRON,	Mr. PACKER.
TIGRANES,	Mr. HURST.
MEGISTUS,	Mr. HAVARD.
ZENOBIAS,	Mrs. DANCER.
ZELMIRA,	Mrs. BARRY.

Attendants, Guards, &c.

SCENE lies in Pharasmanes' Camp, on the Banks of  
the Araxes.



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# Z E N O B I A.

## ACT the FIRST.

Z E L M I R A.

**T**HRO' the wide camp 'tis awful solitude!  
On ev'ry tent, which at the morning's dawn  
Rung with the din of arms, deep silence sits  
Adding new terrors to the dreadful scene!  
My heart dies in me!—hark!—with hideous roar  
The turbulent Araxes foams along,  
And rolls his torrent thro' yon depth of woods!  
'Tis terrible to hear!—who's there?—Zopiron!

*Enter* Z O P I R O N.

Z E L M I R A.

My lord; my husband!—help me; lend your aid!

Z O P I R O N.

Why didst thou leave thy tent?—why thus afflict  
Thy anxious breast, thou partner of my heart?  
Why wilt thou thus distract thy tender nature  
With groundless fears—e're yonder sun shall visit  
The western sky, all will be hush'd to peace.

Z E L M I R A.

'The interval is horrid; big with woe,  
With consternation, peril and dismay!  
And oh! if here, while yet the fate of nations  
Suspended hangs upon the doubtful sword,  
If here the trembling heart thus shrink with horror,

B

Here

Here in these tents, in this unpeopled camp,  
 Oh! think, Zopiron, in yon field of death  
 Where numbers soon in purple heaps shall bleed,  
 What feelings there must throb in ev'ry breast?  
 How long, ambition, wilt thou stalk the earth  
 And thus lay waste mankind!——

## Z O P I R O N.

This day at length  
 The warlike king, victorious Pharasmanes  
 Closes the scene of war.—The Roman bands  
 But ill can cope with the embattled numbers  
 Asia pours forth, a firm undaunted host!  
 A nation under arms!—and every bosom  
 To deeds of glory fir'd!—Iberia then——

## Z E L M I R A.

Perish Iberia!—may the sons of Rome  
 Pour rapid vengeance on her falling ranks,  
 That he, who tramples on the rights of nature,  
 May see his vassals over-whelm'd in ruin,  
 May from yon field be led in sullen chains,  
 To grace the triumph of imperial Rome,  
 And from th' assembled senate humbly learn  
 The dictates of humanity and justice!

## Z O P I R O N.

Thy generous zeal, thy ev'ry sentiment  
 Charms my delighted soul.—But thou be cautious,  
 And check the rising ardor that inflames thee.  
 The tyrant spares nor sex, nor innocence——

## Z E L M I R A.

Indignant of controul, he spurns each law,  
 Each holy sanction, that restrains the nations,  
 And forms 'twixt man and man the bond of peace.

## Z O P I R O N.

This is the tyger's den; with human gore  
 For ever floats the pavement; with the shrieks  
 Of matrons weeping o'er their slaughter'd sons,  
 The cries of virgins to the brutal arms  
 Of violation dragg'd, with ceaseless groans

Of



Of varied misery for ever rings  
The dreary region of his curs'd domain.

Z E L M I R A.

To multiply his crimes, a beauteous captive,  
Th' afflicted Ariana—she—for her,  
For that fair excellence my bosom bleeds!  
She, in the prime of ev'ry blooming grace,  
When next the glowing hour of riot comes,  
Shall fall a victim to his base desires——

Z O P I R O N.

The bounteous gods may succour virtue still!  
In this day's battle, which perhaps e're now  
The charging hosts have join'd, should Roman valour  
Prevail o'er Asia's numbers.——

Z E L M I R A.

That event  
Is all our hope.—And lo! on yonder rampart  
Trembling with wild anxiety she stands,  
Invokes each god, and bids her straining eye  
Explore the distant field.——

Z O P I R O N.

Yes, there she's fix'd  
A statue of despair!——That tender bosom  
Heaves with no common grief—I've mark'd her oft,  
And if I read aright, some mighty cause  
Of hoarded anguish, some peculiar woe  
Preys on her mind unseen!—But, ha! behold,  
She faints;—her fears too pow'rful for her frame  
Sink that frail beauty drooping to the earth.

[Exit hastily.]

Z E L M I R A.

Haste, fly, Zopiron, fly with instant succour;  
Support her; help her;—Lo! th' attendant train  
Have caught her in their arms!—assist her heav'n,  
Assuage the sorrows of that gentle spirit!  
Her flutt'ring sense returns;—and now this way  
The virgins lead her.—May the avenging gods!  
In pity of the woes such virtue feels,

B 2

In

In pity of the wrongs a world endures,  
 With pow'r resistless arm the Roman legions,  
 That they may hurl in one collected blow ed.  
 Assur'd destruction on the tyrant's head!—?—

*Enter ZENOBIA, leaning on two attendants.*

ZENOBIA.

A little onward, still a little onward  
 Support my steps——

ZELMIRA.

How fares it, madam, now?

ZENOBIA.

My strength returns—I thank ye, gen'rous maids,  
 And would I could requite you—fruitless thanks  
 Are all a wretch can give.——

*First attendant.*

The gentle office  
 Of mild benevolence our nature prompts——  
 Your merit too commands:—on Ariana  
 We tend with willing, with delighted care,  
 And that delight o'er pays us for our trouble.

ZENOBIA.

Your cares for me denote a heart that feels  
 For others woes.—Methinks with strength renew'd  
 I could adventure forth again.——

*Second attendant.*

'Twere best  
 Repose your wearied spirits—we will seek  
 Yon rising ground, and bring the swiftest tidings  
 Of all the mingled tumult.

ZENOBIA.

Go, my virgins;  
 Watch well each movement of the marshall'd field;  
 Each turn of fortune;—let me know it all;——  
 Each varying circumstance.——

ZENOBIA.



# A T R A G E D Y.

ZENOBIA, ZELMIRA.

ZELMIRA.

And will you thus,  
Be doom'd for ever, Ariana, thus  
A willing prey to visionary ill,  
The self-consuming votarist of care?

ZENOBIA.

Alas! I'm doom'd to weep—the wrath of heav'n  
With inexhausted vengeance follows still,  
And each day comes with aggravated woes.

ZELMIRA.

Yet when Iberia's king, when Pharasmanes,  
With all a lover's fondness —

ZENOBIA.

Name him not!  
Name not a monster horrible with blood,  
The widows, orphans, and the virgin's tears!

ZELMIRA.

Yet savage as he is, at sight of thee  
Each fiercer passion softens into love,  
To you he bends; the monarch of the east  
Dejected droops beneath your cold disdain,  
And all the tyranny of female pride.

ZENOBIA.

That pride is virtue;—virtue that abhors  
The tyrant reeking from a brother's murder!  
Oh! Mithridates! ever honour'd shade!  
—Peaceful he reign'd, dispensing good around him,  
In the mild eve of honourable days! —  
Thro' all her peopled realm Armenia felt  
His equal sway; — the sunset of his pow'r  
With fainter beams, but undiminish'd glory,  
Still shone serene, while ev'ry conscious subject  
With tears of praise beheld his calm decline,  
And bless'd the parting ray! — yet then, Zelmira,  
Oh! fact accurs'd! — yes Pharasmanes then,

Detested

Detested perfidy! — nor ties of blood,  
 Nor sacred laws, nor the just gods restrain him; —  
 In the dead midnight hour the fell assassin  
 Rush'd on the slumber of the virtuous man; —  
 His life blood gush'd; — the venerable king  
 Wak'd, saw a brother arm'd against his life,  
 — Forgave him and expir'd!

ZELMIRA.

Yet wherefore open  
 Afresh the wounds, which time long since hath clos'd?  
 — This Day confirms his sceptre in his hand.

ZENOBIA.

Confirms his sceptre --- his ↓ --- indignant gods,  
 Will no red vengeance from your stores of wrath  
 Burst down to crush the tyrant in his guilt?  
 His sceptre, saidst thou? --- urge that word no more ---  
 The sceptre of his son! --- the solemn right  
 Of Rhadamistus! --- Mithridates' choice,  
 That call'd him to his daughter's nuptial bed,  
 Approv'd him lineal heir; --- consenting nobles,  
 The public will, the sanction of the laws,  
 All ratified his claim; — yet curs'd ambition,  
 Deaf to a nation's voice, a nation's charter,  
 Nor satisfied to fill Iberia's throne,  
 Made war, unnatural war, against a son,  
 Usurp'd his crown, and with remorseless rage  
 Pursued his life.

ZELMIRA.

Can Ariana plead  
 For such a son? --- means she to varnish o'er  
 The guilt of Rhadamistus?

ZENOBIA.

Guilt, Zelmira!

ZELMIRA.

Guilt that shoots horror thro' my aching heart! ---  
 Poor lost Zenobia!

ZENOBIA.



ZENOBIA.

And do her misfortunes  
Awaken tender pity in your breast?

ZELMIRA.

Ill-fated princefs! in her vernal bloom  
By a false husband murder'd!—from the ſtem  
A Roſe-bud torn, and in ſome deſert cave  
Thrown by to moulder into ſilent duſt!—

ZENOBIA.

You knew not Rhadamiftus!—Pharaſmanes  
Knew not the early virtues of his ſon.  
As yet an infant, in his tend'reſt years  
His father ſent him to Armenia's court,  
That Mithridates' care might form his mind  
To arts, to wiſdom, and to manners worthy  
Armenia's ſceptre, and Zenobia's love.  
The world delighted ſaw each dawning virtue,  
Each nameleſs grace to full perfection riſing!—  
Oh! he was all the fondeſt maid could wiſh,  
All truth, all honour, tenderneſs and love!  
Yet from his empire thrown! with mercileſs fury  
His father following,—ſlaughter raging round,  
What could the hero in that dire extreme?

ZELMIRA.

Thoſe ſtrong impaſſion'd looks!—ſome fatal ſecret  
Works in her heart, and melts her into tears. [ *Aſide.*

ZENOBIA.

Driv'n to the margin of Araxes' flood,—  
No means of flight,—aghast he look'd around,—  
Wild throb'd his boſom with conflicting paſſions,—  
And muſt I then?—tears gush'd and choak'd his voice,—  
—And muſt I leave thee then Zenobia?—muſt  
Thy beauteous form—he pauſ'd, then aim'd a poniard  
At his great heart—but oh! I ruſh'd upon him,  
And with theſe arms cloſe-wreathing round his neck,  
With all the vehemence of pray'rs and ſhrieks,  
Implor'd the only boon he then could grant  
To perish with him in a fond embrace.—  
The foe drew near—time preſs'd,—no way was left—

He

8 Z E N O B I A,

He clasp'd me to his heart--- together both,  
Lock'd in the folds of love, we plung'd at once,  
And saught a requiem in the roaring flood.

Z E L M I R A.

---This wondrous tale---this sudden burst of passion---

Z E N O B I A.

Ha!--whither has my frenzy led me?--hark!--  
That sound of triumph!--lost, for ever lost!  
Ruin'd Armenia---oh! devoted race!

*A flourish of trumpets.*

*Enter TIGRANES, Soldiers, and some Prisoners.*

Z E N O B I A.

Thy looks, Tigranes, indicate thy purpose!  
The armies met, and Pharasmanes conquer'd;  
Is it not so?

T I G R A N E S.

As yet with pent up fury  
The soldier pants to let destruction loose.  
With eager speed we urg'd our rapid march,  
To where the Romans tented in the vale  
With cold delay protract the ling'ring war.  
At our approach their scanty numbers form  
Their feeble lines, the future prey of vengeance.

Z E N O B I A.

And wherefore, when thy sword demands its share  
Of havock in that scene of blood and horror,  
Wherefore return'st thou to this lonely camp?

T I G R A N E S.

With cautious eye as I explor'd the forest,  
Which rises thick near yonder ridge of mountains,  
And stretches o'er th' interminable plain,  
I saw these captives in the gloomy wood  
Seeking with silent march the Roman camp.  
Impal'd alive 'tis Pharasmanes' will  
They suffer death in misery of torment.



# A T R A G E D Y.

9

ZENOBIA.

Unhappy men!—and must they——ha!—that face,  
That aged mien!—that venerable form!—  
Immortal pow'rs!—is it my more than father?—  
—Is that Megistus?—

MEGISTUS.

Ariana here!  
Gods! could I ever hope to see her more?  
Thou virtuous maid!—thou darling of my age!—

ZENOBIA.

It is—it is Megistus!—once again  
Thus let me fall and clasp his rev'rend knee,  
Print the warm kifs of gratitude and love  
Upon this trembling hand, and pour the tears,  
The mingled tears of wonder and of joy.—

MEGISTUS.

Rise, Ariana, rise—allmighty gods!  
The tide of joy and transport pours too fast  
Along these wither'd veins—it is too much  
For a poor weak old man, worn out with grief  
And palsied age,—it is too much to bear!  
Oh! Ariana,---daughter of affliction,  
Have I then found thee?—do I thus behold thee!--  
Now I can die content!—

ZENOBIA.

Thou best of men!  
These joys our tears and looks can only speak.—

MEGISTUS.

Yet they are cruel joys---mysterious heav'n!  
You bid the storm o'ercast our darksome ways;  
You gild the cloud with gleams of cheering light;  
Then comes a breath from you, and all is vanish'd!

ZENOBIA.

Wherefore dejected thus——

MEGISTUS.

Alas! to meet thee

C

But

But for a moment, and then part for ever!  
 To meet thee here, only to grieve thee more,  
 To add to thy afflictions, --- wound that bosom  
 Where mild affection, --- where each virtue dwells,  
 Just to behold thee, and then close my eyes  
 In endless night, while you survey my pangs  
 In the approaching agony of torment ---

Z E N O B I A.

Talk not of agony; --- 'tis rapture all!  
 And who has pow'r to tear thee from my heart?

M E G I S T U S.

Alas! the charge of vile imputed guilt ---

Z E N O B I A.

I know thy truth, thy pure exalted mind ---  
 Thy sense of noble deeds --- imputed guilt ---  
 Oh! none will dare --- hast thou Tigranes? --- what,  
 What is his crime? --- blush, foul traducer, blush! ---  
 Oh! (*to Megistus*) the wide world must own thy ev'ry virtue. ---

T I G R A N E S.

If in the conscious forest I beheld  
 Their dark plottings ---

Z E N O B I A.

Peace, vile fland'rer, peace! ---  
 Thou know'st who captivates a monarch's heart ---  
 'Tis I protect him --- Ariana does it! ---  
 Thou, venerable man! in my pavillion  
 I'll lodge thee safe from danger --- oh! this joy,  
 This best supreme delight the gods have sent,  
 In pity for whole years of countless woe.  
[Exit with Megistus.]

Z E L M I R A, T I G R A N E S.

T I G R A N E S.

With what wild fury her conflicting passions  
 Rise to a storm, a tempest of the soul!

I know



I know the latent cause --- her heart revolts,  
And leagues in secret with the Roman arms.

Z E L M I R A.

Beware Tigranes! --- that excess of joy,  
Those quick, those varied passions strongly speak  
The stranger has an int'rest in her heart.  
Besides, thou know'st o'er Pharasmanes' will  
She holds supreme dominion ---

T I G R A N E S.

True, she rules him  
With boundless sway ---

Z E L M I R A.

Nay, more to wake thy fears ---  
The youthful prince, the valiant Teribazus  
In secret sighs, and feels the ray of beauty  
Through ev'ry sense soft-thrilling to his heart.  
He too becomes thy foe. ---

T I G R A N E S.

Unguarded man!  
Whate'er he loves or hates, with gen'rous warmth,  
As nature prompts, that dares he to avow,  
And lets each passion stand confess'd to view;  
Such too is Ariana; --- bold and open  
She kindly gives instructions to her foe,  
To marr her best designs. ---

Z E L M I R A.

Her foe, Tigranes!  
That lovely form inshrines the gentlest virtues,  
Softest compassion, unaffected wisdom,  
To outward beauty lending higher charms  
Adorning and adorn'd! --- The gen'rous prince, ---  
He too --- full well thou know'st him --- he unites  
In the heroic mould of manly firmness,  
Each mild attractive art --- oh! surely none  
Envy the fair renown that's earn'd by virtue.

T I G R A N E S.

None should Zelmira! --- ha! those warlike notes!

C 2

*Enter*

*Enter* TERIBAZUS.

TERIBAZUS.

Each weary soldier rest upon his arms,  
And wait the king's return --- Zelmira say,  
In these dark moments of impending horror,  
How fares thy beauteous friend? --- her tender spirit  
But ill supports the fierce alarms of war.

*Enter* ZENOBIA.

ZENOBIA.

Where is he? --- let me fly --- oh! Pharasmanes ---  
Methought, those sounds bespoke the king's approach ---  
Oh! Teribazus, tell me --- have the fates ---  
This horrible suspense ---

TERIBAZUS.

I came, bright maid,  
To hush the wild emotions of thy heart.  
Devouring slaughter for a while suspends  
It's ruthless rage; --- as either host advanc'd  
In dread array, and from the burnish'd arms  
Of Asia's ranks redoubled sunbeams play'd  
Burning with bright diversities of day,  
Came forth an herald from the Roman camp  
With proffer'd terms --- my father deign'd for once  
To yield to mild persuasion --- in his tent  
Th' ambassador of Rome will soon attend him  
To sheathe the sword, and give the nations peace.

ZENOBIA.

But oh! no peace for me, misfortune's heir!  
The wretched heir of misery! --- But now  
A more than father found, --- yet cruel men  
Would tear him from me --- gen'rous, gen'rous prince,  
Spare an old man, whose head is white with age,  
Nor let 'em wound me with the sharpest pang  
That ever tortur'd a poor bleeding heart.

TERIBAZUS,



T E R I B A Z U S.

Arise my fair;—let not a storm of grief  
Thus bend to earth my Ariana's beauties;  
Soon shall they all revive——

Z E N O B I A.

They brought him fetter'd,  
Bound like a murderer!—Tigranes,—he,———  
This is the author of the horrid charge——  
He threatens instant death— but oh! protect,  
Protect an innocent, a good old man,——  
Or stretch me with him on the mournful bier.

T E R I B A Z U S.

By heav'n, whoe'er he is, since dear to you,  
He shall not suffer—quick, direct me to him——  
My guards shall safe inclose him.

Z E N O B I A.

In my pavillion  
He waits his doom——

T E R I B A Z U S.

Myself will bear the tidings  
Of life, of joy, and liberty restor'd.——  
And thou artificer of ill, thou false,  
Thou vile defamer!—leave thy treach'rous arts,  
Nor dare accuse whom Ariana loves.

Z E N O B I A, Z E L M I R A.

Z E N O B I A.

Zelmira,—this is happiness supreme!  
Oh! to have met with unexempl'd goodness  
To owe my all, my very life itself,  
To an unknown but hospitable hand,  
And thus enabled by the bounteous gods,  
To pay the vast, vast debt——'tis ecstasy

That swells above all bounds, till the fond heart  
Ache with delight, and thus run o'er in tears.

Z E L M I R A.

What must Zelmira think?—at first your tongue  
Grew lavish in the praise of Rhadamistus,  
With hints obscure touching your high descent;—  
And now this hoary sage—is he your father?  
My mind is lost in wonder and in doubt.——

Z E N O B I A.

Then to dispel thy doubts, and tell at once  
What deep reserve has hid within my heart,  
——I am Zenobia—I that ill-starr'd wretch!  
The daughter of a scepter'd ancestry,  
And now the slave of Mithridates' brother!

Z E L M I R A.

Long lost Zenobia, and restor'd at length!  
I am your subject; oh! my queen! my sov'reign!

Z E N O B I A.

Thou gen'rous friend! rise, my Zelmira, rise.  
—That good old man!—oh! it was he beheld me  
Borne far away from Rhadamistus' arms,  
Just perishing, just lost!——  
He dash'd into the flood, redeem'd me thence,  
And brought me back to life.—My op'ning eyes  
Just saw the light, and clos'd again to shun it.  
Each vital pow'r was sunk, but he, well skill'd  
In potent herbs, recall'd my flutt'ring soul.

Z E L M I R A.

May the propitious gods reward his care.

Z E N O B I A.

With me he sav'd a dear, a precious boy,  
Then in the womb conceal'd;—he sav'd my child  
To trace his father's lov'd resemblance to me,  
The dear, dear offspring of our bridal loves.

Z E L M I R A.



Z E L M I R A.

Oh! blessings on him, blessings on his head!——

Z E N O B I A.

Resign'd and patient I since dwelt with him——  
 Far in the mazes of a winding wood,  
 Midst hoary mountains, and deep cavern'd rocks.  
 But oh! the fond idea of my lord  
 Pursued me still, or in the cavern'd rock,  
 The mountain's brow, and pendent forest's gloom.  
 The sun look'd joyless down;—each lonely night  
 Heard my griefs echoing thro' the woodland shade.  
 —My infant Rhadamistus!—he is lost,  
 He too is wrested from me!—'midst the rage  
 And the wide waste of war, the hell-hound troops  
 Of Pharasmanes fought my lone retreat,  
 And from the violated shades, from all  
 My soul held dear, the barb'rous ruffians tore me,  
 And never shall the wretched mother see  
 Her child again!——

Z E L M I R A.

Heav'n may restore him still,——  
 May still restore your royal husband too——  
 Who knows but some protecting god——

Z E N O B I A.

No god!  
 No guardian pow'r was present!—he is lost!——  
 Oh! Rhadamistus!—oh! my honour'd lord!  
 No pitying eye beheld thy decent form;——  
 The rolling flood devour'd thee!——thou hast found  
 A watry grave, and the last dismal accents  
 That trembled on thy tongue, came bubbling up,  
 And murmur'd lost Zenobia!

Z E L M I R A.

Yet be calm.——  
 The gods may bring redress—even now they give  
 To misery like thine, the heartfelt joy  
 Of shielding injured virtue.

Z E N O B I A.

## ZENOBIA.

Yes, Zelmira,  
That pure delight is mine, a ray from heav'n  
That bids affliction smile—All gracious pow'rs!  
Make me your agent here to save Megistus,  
I'll bear the load of life,—bear all its ills  
Till you shall bid this sad world-weary spirit  
To peaceful regions wing her happy flight,  
And seek my lord in the dark realms of night;  
Seek his dear shade in ev'ry pensive grove,  
And bear him all my constancy and love.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT



## ACT the SECOND.

TIGRANES.

A False accuser deem'd! ---artificer of fraud!  
 Those words, intemp'rate boy --- thy phrenzy too  
 Deluded fair! --- shall cost you dear attonement.  
 Yet till occasion rise --- the king approaches.

[Grand warlike music.]

*A Military Procession : Enter Pharasmanes, &c.*

PHARASMANES.

At length the fame of Pharasmanes' arms  
 Hath aw'd the nations round --- Rome shrinks aghast  
 With pale dismay, recalls her trembling legions,  
 And deprecates the war --- oh ! what a scene  
 Of glorious havoc had yon field beheld,  
 If peaceful counsels had not check'd my fury!  
 --- Valiant Tigranes, those rebellious slaves,  
 Thy care detected --- have they suffer'd death?

TIGRANES.

Your pardon, Sir --- their doom as yet suspended ---  
 The gen'rous prince --- I would not utter aught  
 Should injure Teribazus ---

PHARASMANES.

Ha! --- proceed,  
 And give me all the truth ---

TIGRANES.

By his command ---  
 His tender nature deem'd it barb'rous rigour  
 To urge their sentence ---

PHARASMANES.

Vain aspiring boy!  
 Tell Teribazus, [Enter Zenobia]  
 --- tell th' unthinking prince,

D

The

The rash presumptuous stripling, these his arts,  
 These practices of popular demeanour,  
 Are treason to his father—let him know  
 Thro' wide Armenia and Iberia's realm  
 My will is fate—the slaves shall meet their doom.

Z E N O B I A.

Oh! mighty king, — thus bending lowly down, —  
 An humble suppliant ———

P H A R A S M A N E S.

Ariana here!  
 Thou beauteous mourner, let no care molest  
 Thy tender bosom; — rise and bid thy charms  
 Beam forth thy gentlest lustre to adorn  
 The glories of my triumph.

Z E N O B I A.

Oh! a wretch like me  
 It best befits thus groveling on the earth  
 To bathe your feet with tears ———

P H A R A S M A N E S.

It must not be ——— [He raises her.  
 By heav'n renown in arms in vain attends me,  
 If the lov'd graces of thy matchless form  
 Are thus depress'd and languish in affliction,  
 Like flow'rs that droop and hang their pining heads  
 Beneath the rigour of relentless skies,

Z E N O B I A.

If thou would'st raise me from the depths of woe,  
 Forgive those captives, whom thy fatal anger  
 Adjudg'd to death, nor let ill-tim'd resentment  
 Fall on the prince your son — 'twas I — my tears ———  
 My piercing lamentations won his heart  
 To arrest their doom ———

P H A R A S M A N E S.

For traitors to my crown  
 Does Ariana plead? ———

Z E N O B I A.



## ZENOBIA.

For mild humanity  
 My suppliant voice is rais'd — I point the means  
 To add new glory to your fame in arms.  
 In naught so near can men approach the gods  
 As the dear act of giving life to others.——  
 In feats of war the glory is divided,  
 To all imparted, — to each common man,——  
 And fortune too shall vindicate her share.——  
 — But of sweet mercy, — the vast, vast renown  
 Is all your own; nor officer, nor soldier  
 Can claim a part — the praise, the honour'd praise,  
 Adorns the victor, — nor is th' eccho lost  
 'Midst shouts of armies, and the trumpet's sound.  
 He conquers even victory itself,  
 Than hero more — a blessing to the world!——

## PHARASMANES.

Thy eloquence disarms my stubborn soul.  
 But wherefore urgent thus? — amidst the band  
 Is there who claims thy soft solicitude?

## ZENOBIA.

A hoary sage — alas! a more than father ——  
 The best of men — preserver of my being,——  
 A blameless shepherd! — rude of fraud and guilt,  
 Innoxious thro' his life — oh! mighty king,  
 Spare an old man, — a venerable sire!  
 Naught has your fortune greater than the pow'r  
 To serve humanity! — shew that your heart  
 Has the sweet grace, the gen'rous virtue too!

## PHARASMANES.

My soul relents, and yields to thy entreaty,  
 Thy violence of pray'r — release him streight ——  
 My brightest honours wait him; — honours fit  
 For him who gave thee birth; — for him whose virtue  
 Thy gen'rous soul deems worthy its esteem.

## ZENOBIA.

Our humble station seeks nor pomp nor splendor ——  
 We only ask, unenvied and obscure,  
 To live in blameless innocence, — to seek

Our calm retreat, embrac'd in depth of woods,  
And dwell with peace and humble virtue there.

## P H A R A S M A N E S.

That cold disdain, which shuns admiring eyes,  
Attracts the more, exalting ev'ry charm.  
No more of humble birth—thy matchless beauty,  
Like gems, that in the mine conceal their lustre,  
Was form'd to dignify the eastern throne.  
My scepter, that strikes terror to each heart,  
Grac'd by thy decent hand shall make each subject  
Adore thy softer sway—The glorious æra  
Of Pharasmanes' love,—his date of empire  
With Ariana shar'd, henceforth begins,  
And leads the laughing hours—but first the storm  
Of war and wild commotion must be hush'd—  
That mighty care now calls me to my throne,  
To give the Roman audience; audience fit  
To strike a citizen of Rome with awe,  
When he beholds the majesty of kings.

[going.]

*Enter* T E R I B A Z U S.

## T E R I B A Z U S.

Dread Sir, the Roman embassy approaches.—  
From yonder rampart, that invests your camp,  
I heard their horses hoofs with eager speed  
Beat the resounding soil,——

## P H A R A S M A N E S.

Let 'em approach——  
And thou, whose arrogance—but I forbear——  
When Ariana pardons, my resentment  
Yields to her smiles, and looks away its rage.  
As when the crimes of men Jove's wrath demand,  
And the red thunder quivers in his hand;  
The queen of love his vengeance can disarm  
With the soft eloquence of ev'ry charm;  
Controul his passions with resistless sway,  
And the impending storm smile to serenest day.

[Exit with his train.]

Z E N O B I A.



ZENOBIA, TERIBAZUS.

TERIBAZUS.

And may I then once more, thou bright perfection,  
 May Teribazus once again approach thee,  
 While thus my father,—my ambitious father,  
 At sight of thee forgets his cruel nature,  
 And wonders how he feels thy beauty's pow'r?  
 Oh! may I—but I'm too importunate——  
 Your looks rebuke me from you,—and I see  
 How hateful I am grown!——

ZENOBIA.

Mistake me not  
 Nor rashly thus arraign the looks of one,  
 Whose heart lies bleeding here—thy gen'rous worth  
 Is oft the live-long day my fav'rite theme.  
 But oh! for me,—for wretched Ariana,  
 The god of love long since hath quench'd his torch,  
 And ev'ry source of joy lies dead within me.

TERIBAZUS.

That cold averted look!—but I am us'd  
 To bear your scorn;—your scorn that wounds the deeper,  
 Mask'd as it is with pity and esteem.  
 Yet love incurable,—relentless love  
 Burns here a constant flame, that rises still,  
 And will to madness kindle, should I see  
 That hoard of sweets, that treasury of charms  
 Yield to another, to a barb'rous rival.  
 Who persecutes a son to his undoing.

ZENOBIA.

If Ariana's happiness would wound thee,  
 Thou'lt ne'er have cause to murmur or repine.  
 Naught can divorce me from the black despair  
 To which I've long been wedded.——

TERIBAZUS.

Calm disdain,  
 I grant you, well becomes the tyrant fair  
 Whom Pharasmanes destines for his throne.  
 But oh! in pity to this breaking heart,

I

Give

Give me, in mercy give some other rival,  
 Whom I may stab,—without remorse may stab,  
 'Midst his delight, in all his heav'n of bliss,  
 And spurn him from the joys, that scorpion-like  
 Shoot anguish here—here thro' my very soul.

## Z E N O B I A.

Alas! too gen'rous prince, the gods long since  
 Between us both fix'd their eternal bar.

## T E R I B A Z U S.

What say'st thou Ariana?—ha! beware,  
 Nor urge me to distraction—love like mine,  
 Fierce, gen'rous, wild,—with disappointment wild,  
 May rouse my desp'rate rage to do a deed  
 Will make all nature shudder.—Love despis'd  
 Not always can respect the ties of nature!——  
 —Driven to extremes the tend'rest passion scorn'd  
 May hate at length the object it adores,  
 And stung to madness—no!—inhuman fair,  
 You still must be,—in all vicissitudes,  
 In all the scenes misfortune has in store,  
 You still must be the sov'reign of my soul.  
 But for the favour'd, for the happy rival,  
 By heav'n, who'er he be,—despair and phrenzy  
 May strike the blow, and dash him from your arms  
 A sacrifice to violated love.

## Z E N O B I A.

Why thus distract yourself with vain suspicions?  
 —You have no rival, whom your rage can murder——  
 —None in the pow'r of fate—oh! Teribazus,  
 The wretched Ariana—long, long since——  
 —My heart sweels o'er—I cannot speak—a duty,  
 A rigorous duty bids me ne'er accept  
 Thy proffer'd love;—a duty, which, if known,  
 Would in eternal silence seal thy vows,  
 Turn all thy rage to tears, and, oh! my prince!  
 Bid thee respect calamities like mine.

[Exit.

## T E R I B A Z U S.

Yet Ariana stay—turn, turn and hear me——  
 She's gone, the cruel, unrelenting fair!

And



And leaves me thus to misery of soul.

*Enter ZOPIRON.*

Flamminius, from the Romans is arriv'd,  
And bears the olive-branch—the king your father  
Assembles all his nobles——

TERIBAZUS.

Say, Zopiron,  
Does Rome yield up Armenia?

ZOPIRON.

Rome is still  
The scourge of lawless pow'r—a people's rights  
The conscript fathers have resolv'd to shield,  
And to the lineal heir assert the crown.

TERIBAZUS.

May the stern god of battles aid their arms,  
And fight with the deliverers of mankind!  
Unnatural father! that would seize my scepter,  
Mine as my brother's heir, and ravish with it  
The idol of my soul—but now no more  
His tyranny prevails—to empire rais'd,  
'Twill be the pride of my exulting heart,  
To lay my crown at Ariana's feet.

[*Exit.*

ZOPIRON.

Unhappy prince! should Pharasmanes know  
His ardent passion for the captive maid,  
Alas! his fatal rage—propitious pow'rs!  
May these events,—may Rome's ambassador,——  
Oh! may he come with concord in his train,  
And far avert the ills my heart forebodes!——  
But lo! Flamminius.——

*Enter RHADAMISTUS.*

ZOPIRON.

Welcome to these tents  
The harbinger of peace!

RHADAMISTUS.

Does your king know  
Flamminius waits his leisure?

ZOPIRON.

Z O P I R O N.

He prepares  
To hear you, Roman!——

R H A D A M I S T U S.

As I tread his camp  
There is I know not what of horror shoots  
Thro' all my frame; and disconcerted reason  
Suspends her function,—a black train of crimes,  
Murders, and lust, and rapine, cities sack'd,  
Nations laid waste by the destructive sword,  
A thousand ruthless deeds all rise to view,  
And shake my inmost soul, as I approach  
The author of calamity and ruin.

Z O P I R O N.

Then from a Roman, from a son of freedom  
Let the fell tyrant hear the voice of truth,  
The strong resistless strain, which liberty  
Breathes in her capitol, till his proud heart  
Shudder with inward horror at itself.

R H A D A M I S T U S.

In Pharasmanes' camp that honest stile!——  
—Thy visage bears the characters of virtue.——  
—Wilt thou impart thy name and quality?

Z O P I R O N.

In me you see Zopiron!—deem me not  
A vile abettor of the tyrant's guilt. ——  
To me Armenia trusts her sacred rights;  
Hither her chosen deligate she sends me,  
At the tribunal of Iberia's king,  
To plead her cause, an injur'd people's cause!  
Oh! never, never shall my native land  
Yield to a vile usurper.

R H A D A M I S T U S.

Rome has heard  
Thy patriot toil for freedom—Rhadamistus  
Has heard thy gen'rous ardor in his cause,  
And pants to recompence thy truth and zeal.

Z O P I R O N.



ZOPIRON.

Oh! name not Rhadamistus — now no more  
 The god-like youth shall bless Armenia's realm.  
 The fates just shew'd him to the wond'ring world,  
 And then untimely snatch'd him from our sight!—

RHADAMISTUS.

And didst thou know the prince?

ZOPIRON.

My lot severe  
 Denied that transport;—but the voice of fame  
 Endears his memory.

RHADAMISTUS.

A time may come  
 When you may meet, and both in friendship burn.  
 —Still Rhadamistus lives!—

ZOPIRON.

Said'st thou Flamminius!—  
 Lives he?

RHADAMISTUS.

Still he survives;—from death and peril  
 Sav'd by a miracle!—and now for him  
 Rome claims Armenia.—

ZOPIRON.

Claims Armenia for him!—  
 For Rhadamistus claims!—and will ye, gods!  
 Still will ye give him to a nation's pray'rs?

RHADAMISTUS.

Alas! he lives;—heart-broken, desolate,  
 In sorrow plung'd,—abandon'd to despair!—

ZOPIRON.

The righteous gods will vindicate his cause.—  
 His lov'd Zenobia, Mithridates' daughter,  
 That ev'ry excellence—does she too live?

E

Have

Have the indulgent pow'rs watch'd o'er her fate,  
And sav'd her for her people?——

## RHADAMISTUS.

There, Zopiron,  
There lies the wound that pierces to his soul,  
The sharpest pang,—that rends—that cleaves his heart.  
—Oh! never more shall lovely lost Zenobia,  
That angel form, that pattern of all goodness,  
No, never more—she's gone, for ever gone!——  
'Thou would'st not think—her barb'rous, cruel husband—  
With his own hand—the recollected tale  
Of horror shakes my frame to dissolution!——  
Her husband!—he!—that dear, that tender form—  
Oh!—poor Zenobia—oh!— [Falls into a swoon.

## ZOPIRON.

He faints;—he falls!——  
Can Roman stoicism thus dissolve  
In tender pity?—rise, Flamminius, rise;  
He stirs; he breathes;—and life begins to wander  
O'er his forsaken cheek.—Resume thy strength,  
And like a Roman triumph o'er your tears.——

## RHADAMISTUS.

I'll not be forc'd back to a wretched world.——  
No;—let me,—let me die.——

## ZOPIRON.

His eyes reject  
The cheerful light—what can this anguish mean?

## RHADAMISTUS.

You do but waste your pains;—it is in vain!——  
Away and leave a murd'rer to his woes.——

## ZOPIRON.

Why thus accuse thyself?—I'll not believe it—  
'Thus let me raise thee from the earth——

## RHADAMISTUS.

Alas! (*rising*)——  
Despair weighs heavy on me.

## ZOPIRON.



ZOPIRON.

Still I must  
Controul this sudden phrenzy——

RHADAMISTUS.

Oh!—Zopiron,  
Here,—here it lies——

ZOPIRON.

Unburthen all, and ease  
Your loaded heart—it cannot be—thou never wert  
A murd'rer!——

RHADAMISTUS.

Yes!—the horror of the world!——  
A murd'rous wretch!—the fatal Rhadamistus!——  
'Twas I—these felon hands!—with treach'rous love  
I clasp'd her in this curs'd embrace—I bore her  
In these detested arms, and gave that beauty,  
That tender form to the devouring waves.——  
Plunge me, ye furies, in your lakes of fire——  
Here fix,—fix all your vultures in my heart!——  
And lo! they rush upon me (*Starts up*) see! see there!  
With racks and wheels they come;—they tear me piece-meal--  
'Tis just Zenobia!——I deserve it all——

[ *Falls upon Zopiron.*

ZOPIRON.

Affix him guardian pow'rs!—your own high will  
Guides these events!—revive, my prince, revive!

RHADAMISTUS.

Why thus recall me to despair and horror?  
To bid me hate the light, detest myself,  
Traitor to nature,—traitor to my love!——  
—And yet, Zopiron,—yet I am not plung'd  
So far in guilt, but thou may'st pity me!——  
Heav'n, I attest,—yes you can witness gods!  
I meant to perish with her—but the fates  
Denied that comfort---from her circling arms  
The torrent bore me far---expiring, senseless,  
Gasping in death, the overflowing tide

E 2

Impetuous

Impetuous drove me on th' unwish'd for shore.  
 —There soon deserted by the merciless stream  
 A band of Romans, as from Syria's frontier  
 They rang'd the country round,---descried me stretch'd  
 Pale and inanimate---with barb'rous pity  
 They lent their aid, and chain'd me to the rack  
 Of inauspicious life!-----

## ZOPIRON.

For wond'rous ends  
 Mysterious providence has still reserv'd you,  
 To circulate the happiness of millions,  
 A patriot prince-----

## RHADAMISTUS.

Would they had let me perish!-----  
 What has a wretch like me to do in life,  
 When my Zenobia's lost?---'tis true, my friend,  
 She begg'd to die---but that pathetic look,  
 Her tears, embraces, and those streaming eyes  
 Still beauteous in distress!---each winning grace,  
 Her ev'ry charm should have forbid the deed,  
 And pleaded for her life!

## ZOPIRON.

And yet, my prince,  
 When self-acquitting conscience-----

## RHADAMISTUS.

Self-condemn'd  
 My soul is rack'd, --- is tortur'd---not her child,  
 Her unborn infant,---the first fruit of love,  
 Not ev'n her babe could with the voice of nature  
 Plead for itself,---or for its wretched mother.-----  
 They perish'd both,---she and her little one,  
 And I survive to tell it.-----

## ZOPIRON.

Let not grief  
 O'erwhelm your reason thus---what! when your father,  
 Your cruel father, reeking from the blood  
 Of Mithridates---

## RHADAMISTUS.



## RHADAMISTUS.

Naught but death was left,  
 Yet ev'n that last, sad refuge was debarr'd me!——  
 E'er since I've liv'd in misery;—my days  
 Were colour'd all with anguish and despair!  
 Long from the Romans I conceal'd my name.  
 At length reveal'd me to a chosen friend;——  
 —Journey'd with him to Rome; and in full senate  
 Told all the dismal story of my woes.  
 The conscript fathers heard, and dropt a tear——  
 Then to quick vengeance fir'd, dispatch'd their legions  
 To wage the war; Paulinus leads them on,  
 And now to me commits this embassy,  
 With fully delegated pow'rs from Rome.

## ZOPIRON.

With one united voice Armenia calls  
 For Mithridates' heir!—convinc'd by rumour  
 That thou art lost, the gen'ral cry demands  
 Your brother Teribazus——

## RHADAMISTUS.

He, Zopiron,  
 Is to these eyes a stranger.——

## ZOPIRON.

Hapless prince!  
 A cloud of woes lies brooding o'er his head.  
 A fair, a lovely captive rules his heart;  
 Her name is Ariana; and indeed  
 No wonder she attracts his soft regard,  
 And kindles all the vehemence of love.  
 The tyrant eyes her too with fierce desire,——  
 And ruin nods o'er Teribazus' head.

## RHADAMISTUS.

By heav'n it shall not be—alas! I know  
 The pang of losing whom the heart adores. ——  
 I'll yield him up Armenia—what are crowns  
 But toys of vain ambition, when the lov'd  
 The dear pertaker of my throne is lost?

*Enter TIGRANES.*

ZOPIRON.

What would Tigranes?

TIGRANES.

Pharasmanes calls  
Flamminius to his presence ———

RHADAMISTUS.

I attend him;——  
So tell your king——

TIGRANES.

Instant he waits thee Roman.

[*Exit.*

RHADAMISTUS.

How my heart trembles at the awful meeting!

ZOPIRON.

Then summon all your strength—the lapse of time  
From early youth, when Pharasmanes saw you,  
Affliction's inward stroke,—that Roman garb,  
All will protect, and cloak you from detection!——

RHADAMISTUS.

Zopiron yes; in this important crisis,  
When violated laws, and injur'd men,  
When my own wrongs are lab'ring in my heart,  
The great occasion calls for firmest vigour.  
Yes, in this interview I will maintain  
A Roman's part;—in Pharasmanes' soul  
I'll wake the furies of detested guilt,  
And pour the rapid energy of truth  
Till ev'n to himself his crimes are known,  
And the usurper tremble on his throne.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.



## A C T the T H I R D.

PHARASMANES, *on his Throne*: TIGRANES, ZOPIRON,  
Officers, &c.

PHARASMANES.

WHERE is this bold republican from Rome?  
This enemy of kings?—Tigranes, thou  
Bid the plebeian enter---Pharasmanes  
Vouchsafes him audience.—

*Enter* FLAMMINIUS.

PHARASMANES.

Now, Flamminius, say  
What motive brings you to Araxes' banks,  
To wage this slow, this philosophic war?

RHADAMISTUS.

By me, unworthy of th' important charge,  
By me, unequal to the arduous theme,  
The conscript fathers here explain their conduct,  
And justify the ways of Rome to kings.

PHARASMANES.

Roman, thou may'st declaim with all thy pomp  
Of idle eloquence.

RHADAMISTUS.

No pow'r of words,  
No graceful periods of harmonious speech  
Dwell on my lip—the only art I boast  
Is honest truth, unpolish'd, unadorn'd!—  
Truth that must strike conviction to your heart,  
Truth that informs you,---to usurp a crown,  
For dire ambition to unpeople realms,  
Are violations of each sacred law,  
And bid the Roman eagle wing'd with vengeance  
To the Araxes' margin bend her flight,  
To tell destruction it shall rage no more.

PHARASMANES.

PHARASMANES.

And dares Paulinus' soldier,—dar'st thou slave  
Thus offer vile indignity, and mouthe  
The language of your forum to a king?

RHADAMISTUS.

Rome knows, and owns you as Iberia's king,  
But not Armenia's.——

PHARASMANES.

Ha!——

RHADAMISTUS.

Th' assembled senate  
Acknowledges your vast renown in arms,  
And honours the unshaken fortitude  
Ev'n of a foe—but, Sir, the fortitude,  
Whose brutal rage lays nations desolate,  
It is the glory of imperial Rome  
To humble and subdue—it is the glory  
Of Rome, that spares the vanquish'd, 'tis her pride  
To set the nations free;—to fix the bounds  
Of the fell tyrant's pow'r;—to trace the circle  
From which he must not move—these are the arts  
The bright prerogative of Rome—of Rome,  
The mistress of the world, whose conqu'ring banners  
O'er Asia's realms so oft have wav'd in triumph,  
And made ev'n kings her subjects——

PHARASMANES.

Ha! vain boaster!

RHADAMISTUS.

Made oriental kings, short by the knee  
Accept their crown, with tears of joy accept it,  
And be the viceroys of a Roman senate.

PHARASMANES.

And this to Pharasmanes?—has not yet  
A train of conquests taught you to revere  
This good right arm in war?—This arm the Parthians  
Have felt with fatal overthrow—no spoil,

No



No trophies won from me have grac'd their triumphs;  
 No friends of mine were harness'd to their chariots;—  
 No captive chief, like your own mangled Crassus,  
 There roams a sullen ghost, and calls for vengeance,  
 For vengeance still unpaid, and calls in vain  
 For the sad funeral rites.—Would Rome presume  
 To wrest Armenia from me,—lo! my banners  
 From frosty Caucasus to Phasis' banks  
 Wave high in air, and shadow all the land.  
 Call your embattled legions—or does Rome,  
 All conqu'ring Rome, that mistress of the world,  
 Does she at length by her ambassadors  
 Negotiate thus the war?

RHADAMISTUS.

Rome, Sir, commands  
 The subject world, for she adores the gods——  
 And their all-pow'rful aid.——

PHARASMANES.

Would'st thou dispute  
 My lawful claim,—arm thee with sword and fire,  
 Not with vain subtleties, and idle maxims. ——  
 Armenia's crown is mine,—deriv'd to me,  
 Heir to a brother, and a son deceas'd. ——

RHADAMISTUS.

And can a murd'rer, can the midnight ruffian  
 Prove himself heir—by the assassin's stab? ——

PHARASMANES.

Thou base reviler!— [*Comes forward and draws his saber.*]

TIGRANES.

Moderate your fury; [*holding him*]  
 It were unjust—

ZOPIRON.

The character he bears, ——  
 The laws of nations ——

PHARASMANES.

Thou base insolent!

F

Who

Who dar'st to wound the ear of sacred kings  
With a black crime, that's horrible to nature! —

RHADAMISTUS.

Yes horrible to nature!—yet the world  
Has heard it all—thou art the man of blood!  
A brother's blood yet smokes upon thy hand—  
Not his white age, his venerable looks,  
Not ev'n his godlike virtues could withhold thee!—  
Gash'd o'er with wounds he falls;—he bleeds, he dies,  
Without a groan he dies!—that is thy work,  
Thine, murd'rer, thine!—

PHARASMANES.

No more—the hand of heav'n  
Shook from the blasted tree the wither'd fruit—

RHADAMISTUS.

Forbear the impious strain—it is the stile  
Ambition speaks, when for a crown it stabs,  
Then dares, with execrable mock'ry dares,  
Traduce the governing all-righteous mind.

PHARASMANES.

He harrows up my soul!—and do'st thou think  
A madman's ravings—

RHADAMISTUS.

Since that hour accurst  
Hast thou not plung'd thee deeper still in guilt?  
Your son—your blameless son —

PHARASMANES.

His crimes provok'd  
A father's wrath—his and Zenobia's crimes! —

RHADAMISTUS.

She too—untimely lost—unbidden tears  
Forbear to stream, nor quite unman me thus.

PHARASMANES.

In tears!—by heav'n, thou woman-hearted slave,

Those



Those coward symptoms have some latent spring  
That lies conceal'd within that treach'rous heart.

RHADAMISTUS.

They are the tears humanity lets fall  
When soft ey'd beauty dies untimely slain.—  
But to avenge her death, array'd in terror  
The Roman legions——

PHARASMANES.

Lead 'em to the charge.—  
Thou quit my camp:—If when yon sun descends  
Thou linger'st here, the title of ambassador  
Shall naught avail to save thee from my fury.

RHADAMISTUS.

E'er that resign Armenia—Till the close  
Of day, I give thee leisure to revolve  
The vengeance Rome prepares—Thou know'st  
With what a pond'rous arm her hardy sons  
Lift the avenging spear.—Be timely wise,  
Nor dare provoke your fate.

[Exit.

PHARASMANES.

Roman farewell!——  
Do thou, Tigranes, issue forth my orders  
From tent to tent, that each man stand prepar'd  
For the dead midnight hour—with silent march  
Then will I pour with ruinous assault  
Upon th' astonish'd foe, my horses hoofs  
Imbrue in blood, and give to-morrow's sun  
A spectacle of horror and destruction.—  
[He ascends his throne, and the back scene closes.

Enter ZENOBIA and MEGISTUS.

ZENOBIA.

Oh! tell me all Megistus; let me hear  
All that concerns my child,—my blooming boy,  
My little Rhadamistus—is he safe?  
Give me the truth—do not deceive a mother  
Who doats upon her babe—is my child safe?

F 2

MEGISTUS.

## MEGISTUS.

Dry up your tears—I cannot bear to see you  
 Afflicted thus—your infant hero's safe——  
 You may believe your faithful old Megistus——

## ZENOBIA.

I do believe thee—but excuse my weakness——  
 My flutt'ring fears for ever paint him to me  
 By ruffians seiz'd, and as he sees the knife  
 Aim'd at his little throat, in vain imploring  
 For me by name, and begging my assistance,  
 While far, far off his miserable mother  
 No aid can give, nor snatch him to her heart.

## MEGISTUS.

I never yet deceiv'd you—by yon heav'n  
 The prince still lives—when I regain'd my cottage  
 After the toils of many a weary day,  
 I found him there—but griev'd and wond'ring much  
 Where his dear mother was.

## ZENOBIA.

Megistus tell me,  
 Oh! tell me each particular; his looks,  
 All his apt questions, his enchanting words;  
 For I could hear of him for ever—lovely youth!  
 His father's image blooming in his boy!  
 Thro' sev'n revolving years my only comfort!——  
 —When from my eyes the sud'en sorrows gush'd,  
 How would he look, and ask his wretched mother  
 What meant those falling tears?—alas! ev'n now  
 I see him here before me—did my child  
 Think his poor mother lost?

## MEGISTUS.

At first he seem'd  
 To pine in thought at your long weary absence,  
 And many a look he cast, that plainly spoke  
 His little bosom heav'd with various passions.  
 Still would he seek you in each well known haunt,  
 Each bow'r, each cavern, like the tender fawn  
 That thro' the woodland seeks its mother lost,

Exploring



Exploring all around with anxious eye,  
And looking still unutterable grief,  
Lonely and sad, and stung with keen regret.

ZENOBIA.

Did my child weep?—not much I hope——

MEGISTUS.

With soothing tales  
I labour'd to beguile him from his sorrow ;—  
I promis'd your return ; a gentle smile  
Brighten'd his anxious look ; he sigh'd content,  
And then I led him to a safer dwelling  
Among the shepherds of the Syrain vale,  
Who all have sworn to guard him as their own,  
And in due season lead him to the Romans.

ZENOBIA.

Oh ! may those shepherds know the kindest influence  
Of the indulgent heav'ns !—yet why not stay  
To guard him—but i'll not complain—on me  
Your cares were fix'd—oh ! tell me how the gods  
Watch'd ov'r all thy ways, and brought thee to me ?  
Where hast thou liv'd these many, many days ?——

MEGISTUS.

In bitterness of soul I've liv'd, thy fate  
Thy tender form deep imagin'd in my breast !  
I rang'd the banks where the Araxes flows,  
But bring, alas ! no tidings of your lord.  
Heart-broken, wearied out, I measur'd back  
My feeble steps,—but thou wer't ravish'd thence ;——  
For thee I travers'd hills and forests drear ;  
Thee I invok'd, that ev'ry cavern'd rock,  
Each vale, each mountain eccho'd with thy name.

ZENOBIA.

And here at length you find me, here encompass'd  
With all the worst of ills—hence let us fly  
To the bless'd Syrian vally, where my child  
Wins with his early manhood ev'ry heart,  
And calls for me, and chides this long delay.

MEGISTUS.

## MEGISTUS.

Vain the attempt—one only way is left —  
 Reveal thee to th' ambassador of Rome.—  
 Safe in his train thou may'st escape this place,  
 And gain Paulinus' camp—Zenobia known  
 Will meet protection there.—

## ZENOBIA.

The gods inspire  
 The happy counsel—ha!—Tigranes comes!  
 Retire Megistus (*he goes out*) a gay dawn of hope  
 Beams forth at length, and lights up day within me.

## ZENOBIA, TIGRANES.

## TIGRANES.

Hail princess, destin'd to imperial sway,  
 To grace with beauty Pharasmanes' throne!  
 By me the impatient king requests you'll fix  
 The happy nuptial hour.—

## ZENOBIA.

Thou might'st as well  
 Command me wed the forked lightnings blaze  
 That gilds the storm, and be in love with horror.

## TIGRANES.

Take heed, rash fair!—an eastern monarch's love,  
 Ardent as his, must not be made the sport  
 Of tyrant beauty—when a rival dares  
 Oppose his sov'reign's wish——

## ZENOBIA.

Does Pharasmanes,  
 Say,—does your king permit his spies of state,  
 That curse of human kind, to breathe their whispers  
 In his deluded ear?

## TIGRANES.

Full well 'tis know  
 That Teribazus bids you thus revolt,  
 And draws your heart's allegiance from your king.

## ZENOBIA.



ZENOBIA.

Thou vile accuser!—if the prince's virtues  
 Have touch'd my bosom, what hast thou to urge?  
 —What if a former Hymeneal vow  
 Has bound my soul?—what if a father, Sir,  
 A father dear as my heart's purple drops,  
 Enjoin a rigid duty ne'er to share  
 The throne of Mithridates with a murderer?

TIGRANES.

Madam, those words—

ZENOBIA.

Thou instrument of ill!  
 Who still art ready with a tale suborn'd,  
 And if thou art not perjur'd, dar'st betray;—  
 Away—and let thy conscience tell the rest.

[Exit.

TIGRANES, *alone*.

Vain haughty fair!—thou hast provok'd my rage  
 By wrongs unnumber'd—but for all those wrongs  
 Soon shall inevitable ruin seize thee.—

*Enter* RHADAMISTUS.

RHADAMISTUS.

Perhaps e're this your king's tumultuous passions  
 Sink to a calm, and reason takes her turn.  
 Then seek him, Sir, and bear a Roman's message,  
 The terms of peace humanity suggests.  
 Tell him Flamminius wishes to prevent  
 The rage of slaughter, and the streams of blood  
 Which else shall deluge yonder crimson plains.

TIGRANES.

Already, Roman, his resolve is fix'd.—  
 War, horrid war impends.—

RHADAMISTUS.

And yet in pity  
 To human kind, to the unhappy millions

Who soon shall die, and with their scatter'd bones  
Whiten the plains of Asia,—it were best  
To sheathe the sword, and join in Rome's alliance.  
Wilt thou convey my message?

TIGRANES.

I obey.——

[Exit.

RHADAMISTUS, *alone.*

May some propitious pow'r inspire his heart,  
And touch the springs of human kindness in him.  
Else against whom amidst the charging hosts  
Must Rhadamistus' sword be levell'd?—ha!—  
Spite of his crimes he is my father still—  
And must this arm against the source of life—  
Nay more,—perhaps against a brother too,  
—A brother still unknown!—-he too may die  
By this unconscious hand!—-this hand already  
Inur'd to murder whom my heart adores!—-  
—My brother then may bleed!—-and when in death  
Gasping he lies, and pours his vital stream,  
Then in that moment shall the gen'rous youth  
Extend his arms, and with a piteous look  
Tell me—-a brother doth forgive his murderer?—-  
—Gods! you have doom'd me to the blackest woe,  
To be a wretch abhorr'd, author of crimes  
From which my tortur'd breast revolts with horror!—  
—Who's there?—-a youth comes forward—-now be firm,  
Be firm my heart, and guard thy fatal secret!—-

Enter TERIBAZUS.

TERIBAZUS.

Illustrious Roman,---if misfortune's son  
A wretched,---ruin'd---miserable prince  
May claim attention----

RHADAMISTUS.

Ha! ---can this be he!  
The graces of his youth,---each feeling here,  
Here at my heartstrings tell me 'tis my brother! [aside.

TERIBAZUS.



# A T R A G E D Y.

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TERIBAZUS.

I see you're mov'd, and I intrude too far.—

RHADAMISTUS.

Pursue your purpose—warmest friendship for you  
Glow in this breast——

TERIBAZUS.

Tho' Pharasmanes' fury  
Maintains a fix'd hostility with Rome,  
Blend not the son with all a father's crimes.——

RHADAMISTUS.

Go on—I pant to hear—

TERIBAZUS.

My father's cruelty  
Each day breaks out in some new act of horror,  
Nor lets the sword grow cool from human blood.  
First in his brother's breast he plung'd it;—then  
Inflam'd to fiercer rage 'gainst his own son,  
Oh! Rhadamistus! thou much injur'd prince!—

RHADAMISTUS.

And didst thou love that brother?

TERIBAZUS.

Gen'rous Roman,  
He liv'd far hence remote—I ne'er beheld him,  
But the wide world resounded with his fame.

RHADAMISTUS.

Hold, hold my tears!—oh! they will burst their way  
At this his virtuous tenderness and love! [aside.]

TERIBAZUS.

And dost thou weep too Roman?

RHADAMISTUS.

From such horror,

G

And

And so much cruelty my nature shrinks.—  
 —Whatever purpose rolls within thy breast,  
 Boldly confide it—shall I arm'd with vengeance  
 Assault the purple tyrant in his camp?  
 Or wilt thou join my steps;—then in the front  
 Of a brave vet'ran legion head the war,  
 Seek the usurper 'midst his plumed troops,  
 And thus avenge mankind?

TERIBAZUS.

No; far from me,  
 Far be the guilt of meditating aught  
 Against the life from whence my being sprung.  
 Let him oppress me,—he's a parent still!—

RHADAMISTUS.

He rives my heart!—oh! what a lot is mine!

[*aside.*]

TERIBAZUS.

Not for myself I fear; but oh! Flamminius,  
 A lovely captive,—'tis for her I tremble;—  
 For Ariana,---for that sweet perfection;—  
 She is her sex's boast!---her gentle bosom  
 Fraught with each excellence!---her form and feature  
 Touch'd by the hand of elegance;---adorn'd  
 By ev'ry grace, and cast in beauty's mould!—  
 —Her Pharasmanes means to ravish from me.—  
 But thou convey her hence---'tis all I ask,----

RHADAMISTUS.

By heav'n I will---do thou too join our flight;  
 ---Armenia shall be thine, and that sweet maid  
 Reward thy goodness with connubial love,  
 Adorn thy throne, and make a nation bless'd!----

TERIBAZUS.

Make Ariana happy;---bear her hence  
 And save those bright unviolated charms  
 From Pharasmanes' pow'r---when wish'd for peace  
 Settles a jarring world, Flamminius then,  
 Then will I seek thee.---Wilt thou then resign her?

RHADAMISTUS.



## RHADAMISTUS.

Yes then, as pure as the unfullied snow  
That never felt a sunbeam;---then I'll give her  
Back to thy faithful love.

## TERIBAZUS.

Thou gen'rous Roman,  
In gratitude I bow---she's here at hand;  
A moment brings her to you, while at distance  
I watch each avenue, each winding path,  
That none intrude upon your privacy.----

[Exit.

RHADAMISTUS, *alone.*

At length I've seen my brother;---know how much  
He differs from his father!---he shall seek  
The Roman tents;---I'll there disclose myself;  
There will embrace him with a brother's love.---  
Oh! how the tender transport heaves and swells,  
Till thus the fond excess dissolves in tears!---

*Enter MEGISTUS, leading ZENOBIA.*

## ZENOBIA.

Alas! my heart forebodes I know not what ---

## MEGISTUS.

Dispel each doubt---this is your only refuge.---

## ZENOBIA.

Thou gen'rous Roman,---if distress like mine---  
If an unhappy captive may approach thee---

## RHADAMISTUS.

To me affliction's voice---ye pow'rs of heav'n!  
That air!---those features! that remember'd glance!

## ZENOBIA.

If thus a wretch's presence can alarm you ---

## RHADAMISTUS.

The music of that voice?---such once she look'd!

And if I had not plung'd her in the stream,——  
I could persuade myself——

Z E N O B I A.

Those well known accents!  
Those tender soft regards!—nay mock me not!——  
I could not hope to see thee—tell me—ar't thou——  
That once ador'd!—oh! *(faints into Megistus' arms.)*

M E G I S T U S.

Ah! her strength forsakes her——  
Support her heav'n!—— *(catches her in his arms.)*

R H A D A M I S T U S.

Ye wonder-working gods!  
Is this illusion all? or does your goodness  
Indeed restore her?—if I do not dream,  
If this be true,—oh! let those angel-eyes  
Open to life, to love, and Rhadamistus.

M E G I S T U S.

What further miracles doth heav'n prepare?——

Z E N O B I A.

Forgive my weakness---the air-painted image  
Of my lov'd lord---and see!---again it's present!——  
That look that speaks the fond impassion'd soul!  
Yes, such he was!---oh! ar't thou---tell me---say——  
Ar't thou restor'd me?---ar't thou Rhadamistus?——

R H A D A M I S T U S.

I have not murder'd her!---benignant gods!  
I am not guilty---my Zenobia lives!——

Z E N O B I A.

It is my lord---oh! I can hold no longer,——  
But thus delighted spring to his embrace,  
Thus wander o'er him with my tears and kisses,  
And thus, and thus,---speak my enraptur'd soul.

R H A D A M I S T U S.

She lives! she lives! what kind protecting god,

Long



Long lost, and long lamented, gives thee back,  
Gives me to view thee, and to hear thy voice  
With joy to ecstasy, with tears to rapture?

ZENOBIA.

This good old man—'twas he preserv'd me for you,—

MEGISTUS.

Oh! day of charms!—oh! unexpected hour!  
I have not liv'd in vain—these gushing eyes  
Have seen their mutual transports!—

RHADAMISTUS.

Gen'rous friend,  
Come to my heart,—Zenobia's second father!—

ZENOBIA.

Thou art indebted more than thou can'st pay him,—  
Indebted for our infant babe preserv'd,  
The blossom of our joys!—thou can'st not think  
How much he looks, and moves, and talks like thee.—

RHADAMISTUS.

Oh! mighty gods!—it is too much of bliss,  
Too exquisite to bear!—these barb'rous hands  
Had well nigh murder'd both my wife and child!—  
—Wilt thou forgive me—oh! my best delight,  
Wilt thou receive a traitor to your arms?  
—Wilt thou Zenobia?

ZENOBIA.

Will I, gracious heav'n?  
Thou source of all my comfort!—

MEGISTUS.

Ha! beware,  
Beware my prince!—but now with hasty step  
I saw Tigranes circling yonder tent.

RHADAMISTUS.

Th' ambassador of Rome he seeks, on bus'ness  
Of import high—I will prevent his speed—  
—And must I then so soon depart Zenobia?

ZENOBIA.

Hence, quickly hence—anon we'll meet again—

RHADAMISTUS.

Yes, we will meet; the gods have giv'n thee to me,  
 And they will finish their own holy work. [Exit.

MEGISTUS.

My pray'rs are heard at length—Zenobia still  
 Shall be Armenia's queen.—

ZENOBIA.

Oh! good Megistus,  
 Heav'n has been bounteous, and restor'd my lord.—  
 With him I'll fly, wrapt in the gloom of night,  
 And thou, Megistus, thou shal't join our flight;  
 Plac'd near his throne thy gen'rous zeal shall share  
 The bright reward of all thy toil and care;  
 While I, redeem'd at length from fierce alarms,  
 Forget my woes in Rhadamistus' arms.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT



## A C T the F O U R T H.

*Enter RHADAMISTUS, and TERIBAZUS.*

TERIBAZUS.

THOU art a friend indeed, thou gen'rous man!  
The best of friends, to save such innocence,  
That lovely virgin bloom!--the pious act  
Shall to remotest time transmit thy name,  
Ennobled by humanity and virtue.

RHADAMISTUS.

Alas! no praise I merit;---'tis a deed  
That loses virtue's name---

TERIBAZUS.

Flamminius, no!  
Thou shalt not derogate from worth like thine.  
But oh! beware, my friend, and steel thy heart  
Against the sweet illapse of gentler passions.  
---To love her were such treachery!--by heav'n!  
It were a fraud of a more damned hue---  
A fraud to sacred friendship!--but my soul  
Rejects the mean suspicion---thou art just,  
And Ariana shall be mine again!--

RHADAMISTUS.

If when the tumult of the war is pass'd,  
You then persist to claim her---

TERIBAZUS.

Then persist!  
---When I do not persist,---whene'er my heart  
Forgets the fond idea---ha!--take heed---  
Your colour dies by fits,---and now again  
It flushes o'er your cheek---if beauty's pow'r  
Can waken soft desire,---and sure such beauty  
May warm the breast of stoic apathy,---  
If thou can'st love,---re-sign the trust at once.  
For oh! to lose her, to behold those charms,

That

That all-perfection yielded to another,  
 Were the worst agony, the keenest stab  
 That ever pierc'd a lover to the soul.—  
 The thought,---the very thought inflames to madness!---

## RHADAMISTUS.

(*Aside*) Not till the fever of his mind subsides,  
 Must I reveal me---the disclosure now  
 Would to his phrenzy give a whirlwind's wing,  
 And bury all in ruin---let her then,  
 Yes, Teribazus, let the blooming maid  
 Still in this camp, a voluntary captive,  
 ---Since you will have it so---since weak mistrust  
 Can taint a noble spirit,---let her here  
 Teach that rare beauty to display its charms,  
 Its various graces;---bid those radiant eyes  
 Dart their quick glances to the tyrant's soul,  
 Inflame his hot desires, and half absolve them.

## TERIBAZUS.

Madness and horror!---no!---haste, fly, begone,  
 And give her hence safe conduct---I can trust  
 To Roman continence---your Scipio's praise  
 Shall be the theme of fame's eternal lip!---

## RHADAMISTUS.

Thou too attend her steps;---watch all her ways;  
 When we have reach'd the Roman sanctuary,  
 Then shall such wonders to thy list'ning ear,---  
 The web which fate has wove---beware my friend---  
 Tigranes comes---what would'st thou Sir?

*Enter* TIGRANES.

## TIGRANES.

The king  
 Grants you one parley more---ev'n now this way  
 He bends his steps---remote from all he means  
 To hold a private conference---

## RHADAMISTUS.

Rome's ambassador  
 Attends his pleasure.---

[*Exit* Tigranes.  
 TERIBAZUS.



# A T R A G E D Y:

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TERIBAZUS.

I must hence, Flamminius ———  
Farewel!—yet e're thou go'st,—I still must crave  
Another interview——farewel!——remember,  
My love, my life, my all depend on thee.—— [Exit.

RHADAMISTUS.

Ah! luckless prince!—how lost in error's maze  
Blindly he wanders, and love's sweet delusion  
Infuses it's enchantment through his heart!  
But when remov'd from Pharasmanes' pow'r  
He learns my prior claim,—his gen'rous friendship  
Will bound with transport at a brother's joys,  
And with a warmth of sympathy partake 'em.  
But ha!—my father!—grant me strength, ye pow'rs!  
To meet the dread encounter. ———

*Enter* PHARASMANES.

PHARASMANES.

Once again  
E're you depart, if Pharasmanes deign  
To treat, and thus expostulate with Rome;  
'Tis to thy pray'rs I grant it.

RHADAMISTUS.

Rome had rather  
Persuade than conquer—her well-ballanc'd justice——

PHARASMANES.

No more of Roman justice—blazon not  
Virtues you ne'er have practis'd—with the name;  
The specious name of love for human kind  
You sanctify th' insatiate rage of conquest,  
And where the sword has made a solitude,  
That you proclaim a peace.—Ev'n now your views  
Stand manifest to fight—To thee 'tis known  
That Rhadamistus lives!——

RHADAMISTUS.

How Sir!—can he——  
Does that unhappy prince——

H

PHARASMANES.

PHARASMANES.

Thou false dissembler! ---  
Yes in thy heart the fatal secret's lodg'd! ---

RHADAMISTUS.

Sir if your son --- if you will search his heart ---

PHARASMANES.

From certain fugitives I've learn'd it all ---  
In yonder camp, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,  
To war against his father still he lives! ---  
Why dost thou droop dejected? --- something lurks  
Beneath that burning blush ---

RHADAMISTUS.

That burning blush  
Glow's on my cheek for thee --- I know your son,  
And know him unsusceptible of guilt.

PHARASMANES.

Then, Roman, mark my words --- would'st thou prevent  
The carnage fate prepares on yonder plains? ---  
Go tell Paulinus I will treat of terms  
With him, who brings me Rhadamistus' head.

RHADAMISTUS.

Your own son's head! ---

PHARASMANES.

Why dost thou gaze so earnest?  
Why those emotions struggling for a vent?

RHADAMISTUS.

Amazement checks my voice, and lost in wonder  
I view the unnatural father, who would bathe  
His hands in blood, — in a son's blood — a son  
Who pants, — with ardor pants, — on terms of peace  
To sheathe the sword, and with a filial hand  
To throw a veil over a father's crimes.

PHARASMANES.



PHARASMANES.

By heav'n 'tis false — has he not dar'd to league  
 With my determin'd foes? — ev'n to the senate,  
 To ev'ry region, where his voice could pierce,  
 Has he not fled with the delusive story?  
 With grief and loud complaints inflam'd the world?  
 And even now, does not the stripling come  
 To the Araxes' banks with Rome in arms?

RHADAMISTUS.

Tho' urg'd by dire constraint, yet heav'n can witness  
 His strong reluctance. —

PHARASMANES.

Let the rebel know  
 He never shall ascend Armenia's throne.

RHADAMISTUS.

And shall destruction with her horrid train  
 Stalk o'er the land? —

PHARASMANES.

Yes — let destruction loose —  
 'Tis Pharasmanes' glory —

RHADAMISTUS.

Can the rage,  
 And the wild tumult of destructive havoc  
 Administer delight? — alas! — the day  
 That deluges the land with human blood,  
 Is that a day of glory? — — — — —  
 I, Sir, have travers'd o'er the field of death,  
 Where war had spent its rage — hadst thou beheld  
 That scene of horror, — where unnumber'd wretches  
 In mangled heaps lay weltring in their gore;  
 Where the fond father in the gasp of death  
 Wept for his children, — where the lover sigh'd  
 For her, whom never more his eyes could view;  
 Where various misery sent forth its groans; —  
 Hadst thou beheld that scene, — the touch of nature  
 Had stirr'd within thee, and the virtuous drop  
 Of pity gush'd unbidden from thy eye. —

H. 2.

PHARASMANES.

PHARASMANES.

Enervate slave! --- here ends all further parley ---  
Go tell your gen'ral, tell your Roman chiefs,  
The father claims his son. --- Have we not heard  
How your own Brutus to the lictor's sword  
Condemn'd his children? --- and would Rome dispute  
A king's paternal pow'r? --- let 'em yield up  
The treach'rous boy, or terrible in arms  
Shall Pharasmanes overwhelm their legions,  
Mow down their cohorts, and their mangled limbs  
Give to the vulture's beak.

RHADAMISTUS.

And yet reflect ---

PHARASMANES.

Roman no more. ----

RHADAMISTUS.

Unwilling I withdraw; ---  
A father's stern resolve the son shall mourn,  
And with a pang of nature shall behold  
The Roman eagle dart like thunder on thee.

[Exit.]

PHARASMANES, *alone.*

Away, and leave me slave! --- to-morrow's sun  
Shall see my great revenge --- mean time I give  
The gentle hours to love and Ariana. ---  
What ho! Tigranes!

Enter TIGRANES.

PHARASMANES.

Does the stubborn fair  
Yield to my ardent vows?

TIGRANES.

She mocks your passion,  
And gives to Teribazus all her smiles.

PHARASMANES.

By heav'n! ev'n love itself shall be my slave! ---

--- Yet



--- Yet love like mine requires her soft consent,  
And will not riot o'er her plunder'd charms. ---  
--- Quick, bring her father to me ---

T I G R A N E S.

By your orders  
At hand Megistus waits your sov'reign will.

[*Exit.*

P H A R A S M A N E S.

Bring him before us — wife and prudent age  
Will plead my cause, and second my desires.

*Enter* M E G I S T U S.

M E G I S T U S.

Dread Sir — a blameless, — a distress'd old man,  
Of guilt unconscious ---

P H A R A S M A N E S.

Whatsoever thy guilt  
A smile from Ariana expiates all.

M E G I S T U S.

Believe me, Sir, I never have offended ---  
She was my sole delight; my age's comfort; ---  
For her I felt more than a parent's love ---  
But 'midst the troubles that distract the land  
I lost her — in despair — with yearning heart  
I rang'd the country round in fond pursuit ---  
This is my crime --- sure 'tis no crime to love  
Such blooming innocence! ---

P H A R A S M A N E S.

Dispel thy fears ---  
Thy love for Ariana speaks thy virtue ---  
That graceful form, that symmetry of shape,  
That bloom, those features, those love-darting eyes,  
All, all attract, that there each fond admirer  
Could ever gaze, enamour'd of her charms.

M E G I S T U S.

Alas! whate'er the symmetry of shape,

Whate'er

Whate'er the grace that revels in her feature,  
 Glows in her bloom, or sparkles in her eye,  
 They all are transient beauties, soon to fade,  
 And leave inanimate that decent form.  
 Inward affliction saps the vital frame,  
 Incurable affliction!—fix'd in woe  
 Her eyes for ever motionless and dim  
 Gaze on the fancied image of her husband.

PHARASMANES.

Her husband!

MEGISTUS.

Yes; a husband sever'd from her  
 By fatal chance!—him she for ever sees  
 With fancy's gushing eye, and seeks him still  
 In fond excursions of delusive thought.  
 She pines each hour, and ev'n in blooming dies,  
 As drooping roses,—while the worm unseen  
 Preys on their fragrant sweets, still beauteous look,  
 And waste their aromatic lives in air.

PHARASMANES.

The rose transplanted to a warmer sky  
 Shall raise its languid head, and all be well.

MEGISTUS.

Her husband still survives, and far remote  
 He wanders in Armenia's realm——

PHARASMANES.

No more  
 To call her his!—by all my promis'd joys  
 His doom is fix'd!—do thou straight seek thy daughter,  
 My loveliest Ariana—in her ear  
 Breathe the mild accents of a father's voice,  
 And reconcile her heart to love and me.

MEGISTUS.

Your pardon, Sir,—it were not fit my voice  
 Should teach her to betray her holy vows.

PHARASMANES.



# A T R A G E D Y.

55

P H A R A S M A N E S.

When Pharasmanes speaks ———

M E G I S T U S.

My life is his, ———  
And when he wills it, 'tis devoted to him ———  
But, Sir, tho' poor, — my honour still is mine,  
'Tis all that heav'n has giv'n me, — and that gift  
The gods expect I never should resign.

P H A R A S M A N E S.

And do'st thou hesitate? — what, when a crown  
Invites thy daughter to imperial splendor?

M E G I S T U S.

Oh! not for me such splendor! — I have liv'd  
My humble days in virtuous poverty.  
To tend my flock, to watch each rising flow'r,  
Each herb, each plant that drinks the morning dew,  
And lift my praise to the just gods on high! ———  
These were my habits, these my only cares; —  
— These hands suffic'd to answer my desires,  
And having naught, — yet naught was wanting to me.

P H A R A S M A N E S.

Away, thou slave! — I would not quite despise thee —  
Or yield your daughter, or my swiftest vengeance  
Falls on thy hoary head — a monarch's love  
Shall seize her trembling to his eager arms,  
Then spurn her back a prey to wan despair,  
Till bitter anguish blast each wither'd charm,  
And rave in vain for love and empire scorn'd! ———

[Exit.

M E G I S T U S, *alone.*

Fell monster go! — inexorable tyrant! ———  
Perhaps I should have sooth'd his lion rage  
With feign'd compliance — ha! — why sudden thus ———

*Enter* Z E N O B I A.

Z E N O B I A.

Th' important hour, Megistus, now approaches ———

Lo!

Lo! the last blushes of departing day  
 But feebly streak yon dim horizon's verge.  
 My Rhadamistus comes to guide my steps —  
 Thro' devious paths seek thou Zopiron's tent —  
 Thus we shall lull suspicion —

MEGISTUS.

I obey; —  
 May guardian angels spread their wings around thee! —  
 [Exit:

ZENOBIA, *alone*:

Yes, the bless'd gods, who thro' the maze of fate  
 Have led us once again to meet in life,  
 Will prove the friends of virtue to the last.  
 — Ha! — Teribazus comes! —

ZENOBIA, TERIBAZUS:

TERIBAZUS:

And is it giv'n  
 Once more to see thee here? — do'st thou avoid me?  
 Do'st thou despise me in this tender moment  
 When my soul bleeds with anguish at the thought  
 Of parting with thee? — Ariana! —

ZENOBIA.

Oh! —  
 Unhappy prince! — oh! fly me; shun me; death  
 And ruin follow — one short moment's stay  
 Will rouse your father's rage —

TERIBAZUS:

My father's rage  
 Already has undone me — ah! in tears! —  
 — And do they fall for me? — does that soft sigh  
 Heave for the lost, afflicted Teribazus? —

ZENOBIA.

Yes the tear falls, and the sigh heaves for thee —  
 Thy elegance of mind — the various graces  
 That bloom around thee, and adorn the hero, —  
 Nay, other ties there are which strongly plead,

I

And



And bid me tremble for thee. ---  
 And yet, — sad recompense for all thy friendship,  
 To warn thee hence, — to bid thee shun my ways,  
 Is all the gratitude I now can offer. ---

TERIBAZUS.

Thus must we part? ---

ZENOBIA.

A rival is at hand, ---  
 Here in the camp, — an unexpected rival, ---  
 Sent by the gods, — the idol of my soul!

TERIBAZUS.

What say'st thou, Ariana? — has another  
 Usurp'd thy heart? — unkind, relentless maid! ---  
 Since first thy beauty dawn'd upon my sight,  
 How have I lov'd, — repented, — yet lov'd on! ---  
 Ev'n against you, — against myself I struggled ---  
 Present I fled you — absent I ador'd ---  
 I fled for refuge to the forest's gloom, ---  
 But in the forest's gloom thy image met me! ---  
 The shades of night, the lustre of the day;  
 All, all retrac'd my Ariana's form. ---  
 Thy form pursued me in the battle's rage,  
 'Midst shouts, and all the clangor of the war.  
 — It stole me from myself! — my lonely tent  
 Re-echoes with my groans, and in the ranks  
 The wond'ring soldier hears my voice no more.

ZENOBIA.

Yet leave me Teribazus --- gen'rous youth!  
 Remembrance oft shall dwell upon thy praise,  
 But for my love 'tis all another's claim.

TERIBAZUS.

Another's claim! --- why wilt thou torture thus  
 A fond despairing wretch? --- oh! not for me  
 Those sorrows fall --- they are another's tears; ---  
 --- Another claims them from me --- name this rival  
 That my swift fury --- tell me has Flamminius,  
 Has the base Roman broke his promis'd faith?  
 Will not the barb'rous man afford you shelter?

I

ZENOBIA.

## ZENOBIA.

Why wilt thou force me speak? --- the fate of all,  
Thine Teribazus, --- mine, --- the fate of one,  
Whom, were he known, --- thy heart holds ever dear,  
Is now concern'd—Flamminius claims my love——  
Long since he won my heart——

## TERIBAZUS.

Vindictive gods!  
Flamminius claims thy love! —— not Cæsar's self  
Shall dare to wrest thee from me—Ariana! ——  
Thus on my knees, — would I could perish here—  
That ev'n in death I still might gaze upon thee,  
Till the last pang divide thee from my heart.

*Enter* RHADAMISTUS.

## RHADAMISTUS.

It was the voice of anguish and despair!  
Why thus illustrious prince ——

## TERIBAZUS.

(*Starting up*) Thou treach'rous Roman! ——  
Who com'st to violate each sacred tie,  
The laws of honour, and the laws of love!  
Who com'st beneath the mask of public faith  
To do a robber's work! ——

## RHADAMISTUS.

When to your camp  
I bring a heart that longs to serve you, prince,  
Why this intemp'rate rage? ——

## TERIBAZUS.

To do the work  
Of perfidy and fraud! —— but first by rapine,  
By violated maids your city grew; ——  
And do you come to emulate your fires?  
Unwilling to degenerate in vice. ——

## RHADAMISTUS.

Mistaken youth! —— oh! if you did but know me!  
If you but knew the justice Rome intends ——

## TERIBAZUS.



## T E R I B A Z U S.

Justice and Rome!—and dost thou dare to join  
 Two names so opposite?—have we not heard  
 Of frugal consuls, and of stoic chiefs,  
 Who soon forgetting here their Sabine farms,  
 Made war a trade, and then return'd to Rome  
 Rich with the plunder of the rifled east?  
 Again some new Lucullus leads them on,  
 Fir'd with the love of rapine.—

## R H A D A M I S T U S.

Fir'd with zeal  
 To break a nation's chains—would'st thou but hear me—  
 --- It is a friend implores ---

## Z E N O B I A.

A gen'rous friend! ---  
 Then listen to him --- let these streaming eyes,  
 These earnest pray'rs --- this supplicating form ---

## T E R I B A Z U S.

Leagu'd with my foe behold her! --- mighty gods! ---  
 Have I deserv'd it of her? ---

## R H A D A M I S T U S.

Yet be calm ---  
 Yet listen to me --- Oh! I could unfold ---  
 Yet stay—I'll prove myself a brother to thee.

## T E R I B A Z U S.

Roman expect me in the battle's front ---  
 Instant depart, --- but leave thy prey behind; ---  
 Dare not, --- I charge thee dare not, tempt her hence ---  
 To-morrow's sun shall see me cloath'd in terror  
 Pursue thy steps thro' all the ranks of war,  
 Till my spear fix thee quiv'ring to the ground. [Exit.

## R H A D A M I S T U S, Z E N O B I A.

## Z E N O B I A.

Yet, Rhadamistus, call him --- let him know ---

R H A D A M I S T U S.

Thou lovely trembler! --- banish ev'ry fear ---  
 The time now bids us hence --- and lo! the moon  
 Streams her mild radiance on the rustling grove. ---  
 --- I will conduct thee --- ha! Zopiron ---

*Enter* Z O P I R O N.

R H A D A M I S T U S.

Come  
 Thou best of men, let me once more embrace thee. ---

Z O P I R O N.

Oh! speed thee hence --- each moment's big with death ---

R H A D A M I S T U S.

Farewel! farewel! when I've escap'd your camp  
 Seek thou my brother; soothe his troubled spirit,  
 Explain these wonders; --- tell him Rhadamistus  
 Esteems and loves, and honours all his virtues. ---  
 Farewel Zopiron! --- in Armenia's court  
 Thy king shall thank thy goodness --- my Zenobia,  
 Oh! let me guide thee from this place of danger  
 To life, to love, to liberty and joy.  
*[Exit with Zenobia.]*

Z O P I R O N.

Lo! the heav'ns smile with gentlest aspect on them! ---  
 This calm serene that ev'ry planet sheds  
 To light their steps, --- this glad ætherial mildness  
 Is sure the token of incircling gods  
 That hover anxious o'er the solemn scene! ---

*Enter* P H A R A S M A N E S, T I G R A N E S *following.*

P H A R A S M A N E S.

Let Teribazus freight attend our presence ---

T I G R A N E S.

But now with glaring eye and fierce demeanour  
 He enter'd yonder tent ----

P H A R A S M A N E S.



PHARASMANES.

Bid him approach us. —

Then do thou round the midnight watch, and see  
That Rome's ambassador has left my camp. [*Exit Tigranes.*  
This war, Zopiron, shall be soon extinguish'd  
In Roman blood, and yield Armenia to me.

ZOPIRON.

Armenia, Sir, still obstinately mourns  
Lost Mithridates, father of his people.  
Her hardy sons with one consenting voice  
Demand a king from Rome; — all leagu'd and sworn  
Never to crouch beneath the conqueror's yoke.

PHARASMANES.

But when the Roman eagle bites the ground,  
They'll shrink aghast, and own my sov'reign sway.

*Enter* TERIBAZUS.

PHARASMANES.

Thou base confederate with thy father's foes!

TERIBAZUS.

The accusation, Sir, — if proof support it,  
Gives you my forfeit life, and I resign it,  
Freely resign — if destitute of proof,  
It is a stab to honour, — and the charge  
Should not be lightly urg'd. —

PHARASMANES.

This arrogance  
That dictates to a father —

TERIBAZUS.

'Tis the spirit  
Of injur'd innocence — if Pharasmanes  
Suspect my truth, — send me where danger calls; —  
Bid me this moment carry death and slaughter  
To rage in yonder camp; — yes, then your son  
Shall mark his hatred of the Roman name.

PHARASMANES.

PHARASMANES.

Hast thou not dar'd to thwart my tend'rest passion,  
And to seduce my Ariana's love?

TERIBAZUS.

And if this youthful heart, too prone to melt  
At beauty's ray, receiv'd the gentle flame,  
'Tis past — the charm is o'er — no longer now  
I walk a captive in her haughty triumph! —  
In vain she now may call forth all her graces,  
Instruct her eyes to roll with bidden fires,  
And practice all the wonders of her face.  
Ambition calls, and lights a nobler flame.

*Enter* TIGRANES.

TIGRANES.

Th' ambassador of Rome, and that old traitor  
The false Megistus —

PHARASMANES.

Speak; unfold thy purpose. —

TIGRANES.

Together left the camp, and in their train  
Bear Ariana with them —

TERIBAZUS.

Ariana! —  
Have the slaves dar'd — detested treachery!  
Now, now, my father, now approve my zeal.

PHARASMANES.

Haste, fly, pursue her; bring the trait'ers back! —

TERIBAZUS.

My rapid vengeance shall o'ertake their flight;  
And bring the Roman plund'rer bound in chains. [*Exit.*]

PHARASMANES.

Do thou, Tigranes, with a chosen band

I

Circle



Circle yon hills, and intercept their march.  
And thou, Zopiron, send my swiftest horse  
To range the wood, and sweep along the vale.

[*Exit* Tigranes.]

Z O P I R O N.

Ye guardian deities, now lend your aid.

[*Exit.*]

P H A R A S M A N E S, *alone.*

Has the perfidious, — yet ador'd deceiver,  
Thus has she left me? — from a monarch's smile  
Fled with a lawless ravager from Rome? —

Oh! give me vengeance; give Flamminius to me,  
That he may die in agony unheard of. —

The trait'refs then, — spite of each winning art, —  
Spite of her guilt — she triumphs in my heart.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T

## A C T the F I F T H.

P H A R A S M A N E S.

**N**OT yet return'd! — I'm tortur'd on the rack —  
 By heav'n to-morrow's dawn --- distracting thought!  
 E're that the Roman ravager enjoys  
 Her heav'n of blifs, and riots in delight.  
 My soul's on fire --- this night I'll storm his camp  
 And dash his promis'd joys; --- let loose my rage,  
 [A flourish of trumpets:  
 And bury all in ruin --- ha! --- what means  
 This new alarm? —

*Enter* T E R I B A Z U S, Soldiers, &c.

T E R I B A Z U S.

The treach'rous slave is taken! —  
 My speed outstripp'd him, and this arm that seiz'd  
 Hath well secur'd the traitor —

P H A R A S M A N E S.

Great revenge,  
 The measure of thy joys is full! —

T E R I B A Z U S.

At first  
 They made a feeble stand; --- but hemm'd around  
 And close incircled by the sons of Asia  
 They saw death threat'ning at each javelin's point.  
 I rush'd upon Flamminius --- much he courted  
 A secret parley, but my soul disdain'd  
 All further conf'rence --- he and his complotter  
 The base Megistus, with the fair deserter  
 Remeasure back their steps, and clank their chains  
 In bitterness of heart. ----

P H A R A S M A N E S.

A father's thanks,  
 Shall well requite thee ---- lo! the traitors come ----

*Enter*



*Enter RHADAMISTUS, ZENOBIA, MEGISTUS, in Chains.*

PHARASMANES.

Thou base perfidious !--- thou Italian plunderer !

RHADAMISTUS.

I do not mean to wage a war of words.---  
Repent thee of this insult, of these chains  
On him, who represents a people here.

PHARASMANES.

Anon thou'lt see how I respect that people.  
My just revenge shall tell thee ; --- on thy head,  
And thine, Megistus, sudden vengeance falls.

MEGISTUS.

Alas ! worn out with age and misery  
I long to lay me in the shroud of death.

PHARASMANES.

I grant thy wish --- what words, fair fugitive,  
Can colour thy deceit ? ----

ZENOBIA.

The heart resolv'd  
Wants no excuse, no colouring of words ---  
I found my husband, --- flew to his embrace ; ---  
This, --- this is he ! --- the lord of my desires ---  
With him content I'll traverse o'er the world, ---

PHARASMANES.

Do'st thou avow it too ? ---

ZENOBIA.

Do I avow it ? ---  
Yes, I exult, I glory in it --- Think'st thou  
I'll prove so meanly false to honour's cause  
As to apologize for being faithful ? ---

TERIBAZUS.

I see Flamminius has already school'd her  
In Roman maxims ---

K

RHADAMISTUS.

## RHADAMISTUS.

Miserable prince !

I will not answer thee --- too soon thy heart  
For this last feat will bitterly reproach thee!---

## TERIBAZUS.

Away with thy delusive arts --- if ever  
I form alliance with haughty people,  
Those ravagers of earth, --- if e'er again  
I hold communion with thee, --- may the gods ---  
May Pharasmanes, --- but it cannot be ---  
My heart high beating in my country's cause,  
Vows an eternal enmity with Rome.

[Exit.

## RHADAMISTUS.

Thee, Pharasmanes, thee my voice addrestes ---  
Thou know'st my title to her --- Hymen's rites  
Long since united both --- Then loose these chains; ---  
'Tis in the name of Rome I ask it ---

## PHARASMANES.

Slave! ---

Thy title, by the rights of war, is now extinguish'd. ---  
Captivity dissolves her former ties,  
And now the laws of arms have made her mine.

## ZENOBIA.

And are there laws to change the human heart?  
To alter the affections of the soul?  
Know that my heart is rul'd by other laws,  
The laws of truth, of honour, and of love.  
This is my husband ! source of all my comfort !  
With him I'll live --- with him will dare to die! ---

## PHARASMANES.

By heav'n some mystery --- thou treach'rous fair!  
Mark well my words --- unfold thy birth and rank ---  
My mind uncertain wanders in conjecture ---  
Who and what art thou? --- Vain is ev'ry guess ---  
Resolve my doubts, or else the Roman's doom  
Shall be determin'd streight ---

ZENOBIA.



ZENOBIA.

And my resolve,  
 Tyrant, is fix'd to share my husband's fate.  
 That I unfold — that sentiment reveal —  
 To heav'n and earth reveal it — for the rest  
 Guess if you can, — determine if you dare.

PHARASMANES.

Quick, drag Flamminius hence —

RHADAMISTUS.

Slaves, hold your hands —  
 My character protects me here —

PHARASMANES.

Dispatch,  
 Instant dispatch, and seize Megistus too —

[Megistus is led off.]

ZENOBIA.

Horror! — call back the word — it shall not be —  
 Here will I hold him — barb'rous ruffians hold —  
 Murder! — my life! my lord! my husband! oh! —

[Rhadamistus is dragg'd off.]

PHARASMANES.

Give him the torture; let your keenest pangs  
 Extort each secret from him —

ZENOBIA.

Pharasmanes!  
 Thus lowly humbled, prostrate in the dust,  
 Washing your feet with tears — have mercy! — this  
 Will be the blackest, worst of all your murders —

PHARASMANES.

There's but one way to mitigate his doom —

ZENOBIA.

Give me to know it — spare him — spare his life —

K 2

PHARASMANES.

PHARASMANES.

Abjure the slave, and by connubial vows  
This instant make thee partner of my throne.

ZENOBIA.

My faith, my love, my very life is his—  
My child is his—oh! think thou see'st my infant  
Lifting his little hands—

PHARASMANES.

I'll hear no more—  
Or yield this moment, or the traitor dies.  
[Exit Pharasmanes.

ZENOBIA, *alone.*

Inhuman Tyrant!—madness seize my brain—  
Swallow me earth—— here shall these desp'rate hands  
Strike on thy flinty bosom, — here my voice  
Pierce to thy center, — till with pity touch'd  
Your caverns open wide to hide a wretch  
From hated men, — from misery like this.—

*Enter* TERIBAZUS.

Afflicted mourner, raise thee from the earth.

ZENOBIA.

What voice is that--- I know thee well --- thou art  
That fiend accurst, the murd'rous Teribazus!---  
Yes thou art welcome! (*rising*) thou delight'st in blood ---  
I am your willing victim--- plunge your sword  
Deep in my heart--- I'll thank thee for the stroke,  
Since thou hast murder'd all my soul held dear.

TERIBAZUS.

Assuage this storm of grief, nor blame a lover  
That dotes like me —— could I behold that form  
Snatch'd from my arms?——

ZENOBIA.

You know not what you've done ——  
Your blameless brother ——

TERIBAZUS.



TERIBAZUS.

How!

ZENOBIA.

You've murder'd him ——  
Your brother Rhadamistus ——

TERIBAZUS.

Rhadamistus! ——

ZENOBIA.

By thee he dies — that is your splendid deed ——

TERIBAZUS.

What say'st thou? — he my brother — urge me not  
To instant madness — is he — tell me — say —  
Ar't thou Zenobia? ——

ZENOBIA.

Yes, that fatal wretch! ——

TERIBAZUS.

If this be so —— what had I done, ye pow'rs!  
To merit this extremity of woe ——  
— Why did'st thou hide the awful secret from me? ——

ZENOBIA.

Could I betray him — could I trust your father,  
Whose fell ambition, whose relentless rage,  
Has fix'd a price on our devoted heads?

TERIBAZUS.

Then shall this hated being — no! — I'll live  
To save a brother still — he shall not die —  
Oh! let me seek him, — throw me at his feet,  
Implore forgiveness, and protract his days.

[Exit Teribazus.]

ZENOBIA,

It is in vain — he's lost — we both must perish ———  
And then my child — who then shall guard his youth?

No

No more these eyes shall see him --- my sweet boy  
Will break his heart, and unregarded die.——

*Enter ZOPIRON.*

ZOPIRON.

All's lost! all ruin'd! --- to the cave of death  
Ev'n now the guards lead Rhadamistus forth.

ZENOBIA.

Thou see'st the sad reverse! —— immortal spirits, ——  
Ye winged virtues, --- that with pitying eye  
Watch the afflicted, --- will ye not inspire  
In this sad hour, —— one great, one glorious thought,  
Above the vulgar flight of common souls,  
To save at once my husband and my child? -----  
--- The inspiration comes! --- the bright idea  
Expands my heart, and charms my glowing soul.

ZOPIRON.

My gracious queen, let not a blind despair -----

ZENOBIA.

Talk not, Zopiron, when the god inspires!  
The god! the god! --- my heart receives him all ---  
---- My lord, my Rhadamistus still shall live. *[Exit.]*

ZOPIRON.

Yet, I conjure thee, hear thy faithful slave. ——

*[Follows her out.]*

*Enter RHADAMISTUS, and Guards.*

RHADAMISTUS.

Say, whither do you lead me? --- does your tyrant  
Repent his horrid outrage?

*Enter TERIBAZUS.*

Guards withdraw  
To a remoter ground ----

*[Exeunt Soldiers.]*



A T R A G E D Y.

71

RHADAMISTUS, TERIBAZUS.

RHADAMISTUS.

Mistaken prince !  
My heart bleeds for thee ———

TERIBAZUS.

Oh ! too well I know  
The depth of guilt in which the fates have plung'd me.  
--- I cannot look upon thee ----

RHADAMISTUS.

Oh ! my brother,  
Thus let me, ev'n in ruin, thus embrace thee.----

TERIBAZUS.

Do'st thou forgive me ?--- could I e'er have thought  
To see thee here ? my rashness has undone thee ! ----

RHADAMISTUS.

No, thou art innocent --- the guilt is mine,  
The guilt of mean, ungenerous policy  
Of selfish wisdom, disingenuous art  
That from a friend kept back the fatal secret,  
When with the ardor of unbounded confidence,  
I should have rush'd with transport to thy arms,  
Unbosom'd all, and wrapt thee in my heart.

TERIBAZUS.

Alas ! I've heap'd these horrors on your head ----  
I've seal'd thy doom --- that is a brother's gift ----  
The first essay of Teribazus' friendship ! ---  
But I am doom'd to be a wretch abhorr'd,  
Of men and gods abhorr'd ! --- doom'd like my father  
To drench these murd'rous hands in brother's blood ! ----

RHADAMISTUS.

Imbitter not the pangs that rive my soul ---  
Where is Zenobia ?--- unrelenting pow'rs !  
Was it for this your persecuting wrath  
Gave me to meet her, gave that angel-sweetness  
To these delighted eyes, these eager arms ?

TERIBAZUS.

TERIBAZUS.

I'll give you freedom still --- by heav'n I will ---

RHADAMISTUS.

Was she but giv'n me to afflict her more?  
To wake in that dear breast a gleam of joy,  
A mockery of joy, --- joy scarce, ye pow'rs!  
Divided by the moment of delight  
From black despair, from agony and death?

TERIBAZUS.

I will protect her, --- will restore her to thee,  
Or do a deed shall strike mankind with horror!  
Not ev'n a father shall retard my sword ---  
In his own blood I'll drench it ---

RHADAMISTUS.

Ha! ----

TERIBAZUS.

This hand,  
E're thou shalt fall a victim to his fury,  
Shall to the heart, --- th' inhuman heart of him ---  
Who dares ----

RHADAMISTUS.

No more of that --- can I consent,  
That a brave gen'rous youth, a much lov'd brother,  
For ev'ry virtue fam'd, --- shall thus debase  
By an atrocious deed his fair renown,  
And perpetrate a dark insidious work?  
--- Oh! I should well deserve the worst of ills ---  
--- I then should justify a father's cruelty! ----

TERIBAZUS.

He has undone thee --- has undone us all ---  
But yet thou shalt not die --- by heav'n I swear ---  
Yes, take me, horror! pour into my heart  
Thy blackest purpose --- nerve my lifted arm  
To dash him headlong from his glitt'ring throne  
A terrible example to the world.

RHADAMISTUS.



## RHADAMISTUS.

Beware, beware, my brother --- yet reflect ---  
 You would strike vice with terror --- tell me then,  
 Would not the act of rash impetuous zeal,  
 Would not th' example arm the ruffian's hand?  
 Thy virtue thus inflames thy gen'rous ardor ---  
 But oh! my brother, let it not be said  
 That virtue ever held the murd'rer's knife!

## TERIBAZUS.

Gods! have I ruin'd such unheard of goodness? ———  
 Swift I'll dispatch a message to Paulinus,  
 And call his legions to assault the camp——

*Enter TIGRANES, and Guards.*

## TIGRANES.

Guards, seize your pris'ner --- in a dungeon's gloom  
 Plunge him sequester'd from the light of heav'n.  
 'Tis Pharasmanes' will ——

## TERIBAZUS.

Thou meddling fiend!  
 I will attend his steps; will still protect him  
 From men like thee——

## RHADAMISTUS.

Should Pharasmanes dare  
 To violate the rights of public law,  
 Rome is at hand, and will have ample vengeance.  
[Exit with Teribazus.]

## TIGRANES.

My thirst of vengeance shall be sated first. ——  
 Yes, guard him, prince; it makes thy ruin sure!  
 Thy Ariana too, while fate is busy,  
 Shall meet her doom, and leave my road to glory  
 All smooth and level to ambition's wish.

*Enter ZOPIRON.*

## ZOPIRON.

'Gainst Rome's ambassador the king, Tigranes,  
L
Suspends

Suspends his sentence till his further orders.  
The queen commands it too.

TIGRANES.

The queen! --- what queen?

ZOPIRON.

The beauteous Ariana; now your sovereign.

TIGRANES.

Has she relented? --- is she married to him?

ZOPIRON.

She is --- the scene with various passions burn'd! ---  
Her tresses all unbound, with faded charms,  
Yet lovely ev'n in sorrow, thro' the ranks  
Eager she flew, with shrieks, with outstretch'd arms,  
Invoking ev'ry god! --- the wond'ring soldier  
With soften'd sinews, dropt the sword to earth  
And gaz'd with mix'd emotions as she pass'd.  
Prone to the ground at Pharasmanes' feet  
She fell --- he rais'd her soon, and smil'd consent ---  
To the king's tent she press'd with eager speed ---  
Th' exulting monarch call'd his priests around him,  
And soon with solemn march and festive song  
In his pavillion fought the blooming bride.

TIGRANES.

This sudden change, Zopiron, this rash haste,  
I like it not ----

ZOPIRON.

Nor I Tigranes: doubt,  
Suspicion, fear, and wonder, and mistrust,  
Rise in each anxious thought -----

TIGRANES.

But did'st thou see  
The ceremony clos'd? -----

ZOPIRON.

I did: --- at first  
All pale and trembling Ariana stood.



Then more collected, with undaunted step  
 She to the altar bore the nuptial cup.  
 There reverent bow'd, and "hear ye gods," she said,  
 "Hear and record the purpose of my soul."  
 With trembling lips then kiss'd the sacred vase,  
 And as our country's solemn rites require,  
 Drank of the hallow'd liquor. — From her hand  
 The king receiv'd it, and with eager joy,  
 As to his soul he took the nectar'd draught,  
 With stedfast eye she view'd him, whilst a smile  
 Of sickly joy gleam'd faintly o'er her visage.

TIGRANES.

Well, she's our queen — the diadem is hers —

ZOPIRON.

How long to wear it, heav'n alone can tell. —

*[The back scene draws, and discovers the king's pavillion,  
 with an altar, and fire blazing on it; soft musick is play'd,  
 and they come forward.]*

PHARASMANES and ZENOBIA.

PHARASMANES.

At length my Ariana's soft compliance  
 Endears the present bliss, and gives an earnest  
 Of joy to brighten a long train of years.

ZENOBIA.

Alas ! fond man expatiates oft in fancy,  
 Unconscious of the fates, and oft in thought  
 Anticipates a bliss he ne'er enjoys.

PHARASMANES.

Away with gloomy care; for thou art mine,  
 Thou, Ariana! — all our future days  
 Shall smile with gay, with ever-young desire,  
 And not a cloud o'ercast the bright serene.

ZENOBIA.

And does thy penetrating eye pervade  
 What time has yet in store?

L 2

PHARASMANES.

P H A R A S M A N E S.

Why dost thou ask?

Z E N O B I A.

I have been us'd to grief—release the Roman,  
 And give him hence safe conduct to his friends; ———  
 I then shall be at peace. ———

P H A R A S M A N E S.

Beware, beware!  
 Nor rouse again the pangs, that fire a soul,  
 Which fiercely doats like mine.

Z E N O B I A.

Dismiss him hence;  
 Give him his life—it was your marriage vow  
 He should not suffer—let me see him first; ———  
 Grant me one interview,—one little hour;  
 In that poor space I can crowd all that's left me  
 Of love, and tenderness, and fond concern,  
 Before we part for ever ———

P H A R A S M A N E S.

Fond concern!  
 And love, and tenderness!—and shall the Roman  
 Usurp a monarch's due? --- that look betrays  
 The secret workings of a heart estrang'd!  
 And shall the man, who dares dispute my love,  
 Shall the slave breathe a moment? --- haste, Tigranes,  
 And see immediate execution on him. [Exit Tigranes,

Z E N O B I A.

Oh! stay Tigranes—barb'rous man, recall  
 The horrid mandate ———

P H A R A S M A N E S.

By immortal love,  
 I see the slave still triumphs in your heart.

Z E N O B I A.

Oh! spare him, spare him --- by the vital air,  
 By your own promis'd faith ——— [Kneels to him.

P H A R A S M A N E S.



# A T R A G E D Y.

77

P H A R A S M A N E S.

Since lov'd by thee  
His doom is doubly seal'd. ———

Z E N O B I A.

You shall not fly me ———  
Now tear me, drag me groveling in the dust,  
Tear off these hands — tear, tear me peice-meal first —

P H A R A S M A N E S.

Nay, then since force must do it ---- *[Shakes her off.]*

Z E N O B I A.

Barb'rous tyrant! *[She lies stretch'd on the ground.]*

P H A R A S M A N E S.

I go to see the minion of your heart  
Expire in pangs before me --- ha! --- what means  
This more than winter's frost that chills my veins? ———

Z E N O B I A.

*(Looking up)* That groan revives, and calls me back to life! —

P H A R A S M A N E S.

I cannot move --- each vital function's lost ———  
The purple current of my blood is stopt ———  
I freeze --- I burn --- oh! 'tis the stroke of death ———  
*[Falls on the ground.]*

Z E N O B I A.

*(Rising)* Yes, tyrant, yes; it is the stroke of death  
And I inflict it --- I have done it all ———

P H A R A S M A N E S.

Pernicious trait'refs! thou! ———

Z E N O B I A.

My vengeance did it ———  
Zenobia's vengeance! --- 'tis Zenobia strikes ———  
Zenobia executes her justice on thee! ———

P H A R A S M A N E S.

PHARASMANES.

Oh! dire accurst event! --- ar't thou Zenobia?

ZENOBIA.

Yes, thou fell monster, know me for Zenobia!

Know the ambassador is Rhadamistus!

Haste thee, Zopiron, and proclaim him king.

[Exit Zopiron.]

PHARASMANES.

May curses light upon thee—oh! I die,  
And racks and wheels disjoint me——

ZENOBIA.

Writhe in torment,

In fiercer pangs than my dear father knew.

—But I revenge his death—I dash'd the cup

With precious poison!—(*a flourish of trumpets*) ha!—now  
tyrant wake,

And hear those sounds—my Rhadamistus reigns!——

PHARASMANES.

What and no help!—it is too late—the fates,

The fiends surround me—more than Ætna's fires

Burn in my veins—yet heav'n—no—'tis in vain——

I cannot rise—my crimes—my tenfold crimes——

They pull me!—oh!——

[Dies.]

ZENOBIA.

There fled the guilty spirit,

Shade of my father view your daughter now!

Behold her struggling in a righteous cause!

Behold her conqu'ring in the tyrant's camp!

Behold your murd'rer levell'd in the dust!——

*A second flourish of trumpets.*

RHADAMISTUS.

(*Within the scenes*) Where is Zenobia?——

ZENOBIA.

Rhadamistus, here!——

*Enter*



*Enter RHADAMISTUS, TERIBAZUS, MEGISTUS,  
ZOPIRON, &c.*

RHADAMISTUS.

Oh! let me, let me thus,—thus pour my soul,  
Thus speak my joy,—thus melt within thy arms.——

ZENOBIA.

My lord! my life, my Rhadamistus!—come,  
Grow to my heart,—that bounds and springs to meet thee.——

RHADAMISTUS.

Once more reviv'd and snatch'd again from death  
Thus do I see thee?—these are speechless joys,  
And tears alone express them——

ZENOBIA.

Have I sav'd thee?  
All-gracious gods! 'tis rapture in th' extreme!——

RHADAMISTUS.

My sweet deliverer! my all of bliss!——

ZENOBIA.

Oh! it is joy too exquisite!—and yet  
Grief will imbitter ecstacy like this!——  
There lies your father!

RHADAMISTUS.

All his crimes  
Be buried with him!—nature will have way,  
And o'er his corse thus sheds the filial tear.

TERIBAZUS.

Oh! that my tears could wash away his stains!——

ZENOBIA.

Wilt thou forgive his murderer?——

RHADAMISTUS.

For thee,  
Beset with wrongs, and injur'd as thou wer't,

In

In ev'ry region fame shall clap her wings,  
And the recording muse applaud thy virtue.

ZENOBIA.

If thou forgiv'st me, I am blest'd indeed!  
Now we shall part no more—Megistus too!—  
Thou good old man!—let me embrace thee—ha!

MEGISTUS.

The blood forsakes her cheek—her eyes are fix'd!—

ZENOBIA.

Support me—help me—oh! I die—I die. ---  
[Falls in Megistus' arms.]

RHADAMISTUS.

She faints—her colour dies—revive Zenobia;—  
Revive my love;—thy Rhadamistus thus,  
Thus calls your flutt'ring spirit back to life.

ZENOBIA.

It will not be—the toil of life is o'er—  
My Rhadamistus— [Sinks down on the ground.]

RHADAMISTUS.

Must I lose thee then?—

ZENOBIA.

Oh! the envenom'd cup!—the marriage rites  
Requir'd that I should drink it first myself—  
There was no other way—I did it freely  
To save thy life—to save thee for my child.—

RHADAMISTUS.

A'rt thou a victim for a wretch like me?  
Is there no antidote to stop the course  
Of this vile poison?—

ZENOBIA.

None—it rages now—  
It rages thro' my veins—my eyes grow dim----

They're



They're lost in darkness — oh! — I cannot see thee —  
 Where art thou, Rhadamistus? — must I breathe  
 Longer in life, — and never see thee more! —  
 And are my eyes forbid one dear farewell?  
 Oh! cruel stars! — must they not fix on thee  
 The last expiring glance? —

RHADAMISTUS.

Relentless pow'rs!  
 There lies Zenobia! — round that pallid beauty  
 Call your ætherial host, each winged virtue,  
 Call ev'ry angel down, — bid 'em behold  
 That matchless excellence, and then refuse  
 Soft pity if they can! —

ZENOBIA.

Megistus, — seek my child, —  
 And bring him to his father — Rhadamistus, —  
 — Wilt thou protect him? — My sweet orphan-babe  
 I leave thee too! — oh! train him up in virtue —  
 Wilt thou be fond of him — a mother's fondness  
 My child should meet — oh! raise me, Rhadamistus —  
 Give me thy hand — my little infant — oh! —

[Dies.

RHADAMISTUS.

Tears, you do well to stop — your wretched drops  
 Are unavailing at a sight like this! —  
 And art thou gone? — ah! thus defac'd and pale,  
 Thus do I see thee? — is that ghastly form  
 All that is left me of thee? — give me daggers,  
 — Give me some instant means of death, my friends,  
 That I may throw this load of life away,  
 And let our hearts be both inurn'd together.

TERIBAZUS.

Live, live my brother, for your infant son —  
 Let him prevail —

RHADAMISTUS.

Inhuman that thou art!  
 Think you I'll stay imprison'd here in life,  
 When there — behold her — how she smiles in death! —

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When

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 All that is left me of thee? — give me daggers,  
 — Give me some instant means of death, my friends,  
 That I may throw this load of life away,  
 And let our hearts be both inurn'd together.

TERIBAZUS.

Live, live my brother, for your infant son —  
 Let him prevail —

RHADAMISTUS.

Inhuman that thou art!  
 Think you I'll stay imprison'd here in life,  
 When there — behold her — how she smiles in death! —

M

When

When there that form —— think ye I'll linger here?——  
 Dead, dead Zenobia! — still I have thee thus ——  
 You ne'er shall part us —— this at least I'll hold,  
 And cling for ever to these pale, pale charms ;  
 Here breathe my last, and faithful still in death,  
 Love shall unite us in one peaceful grave.

MEGISTUS.

Now, old Megistus, gods ! has liv'd too long !——

TERIBAZUS.

Bring ev'ry aid, all medicinal skill  
 To call a wretched brother back to life,  
 And give each lenient balm to woes like his.  
 From thee ambition, what misfortunes flow ?  
 To thee what variéd ills weak mortals owe ?  
 'Twas this for years laid desolate the land,  
 And arm'd against a son the father's hand ;  
 To black despair poor lost Zenobia drove ;  
 The hapless victim of disastrous love !——

4 AP 54



# E P I L O G U E:

Written by DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

And Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

(She peeps thro' the Curtain)

**H**OW do you all, good folks? — In tears for certain,  
I'll only take a PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN;  
You're all so full of tragedy, and sadness!  
For me to come among ye, would be madness:  
This is no time for giggling — when you've leisure,  
Call out for me, and I'll attend your pleasure;  
As soldiers hurry at the beat of drum,  
Beat but your hands, that instant I will come.

*[She enters upon their clapping.]*

This is so good, to call me out so soon —  
The COMIC MUSE by me intreats a BOON;  
She call'd for PRITCHARD, her first maid of honour,  
And begg'd of her to take the task upon her;  
But she, — I'm sure you'll all be sorry for't,  
Resigns her place, and soon retires from court:  
To bear this loss, we courtiers make a shift,  
When good folks leave us, worse may have a lift.  
The COMIC MUSE, whose ev'ry smile is grace,  
And her STAGE SISTER, with her tragic face,  
Have had a quarrel — each has writ a CASE.  
And on their friends assembled now I wait,  
To give you of THEIR DIFFERENCE A TRUE STATE.  
MELPOMENE, complains when she appears, —  
For five good acts, in all her pomp of tears,  
To raise your souls, and with her raptures wing 'em,  
Nay wet your handkerchiefs, that you may wring 'em.  
Some flippant hussey, like myself comes in;  
Crack goes her fan, and with a giggling grin,  
Hey! PRESTO PASS! — all topsy turvy see,  
For HO, HO, HO! is chang'd to HE, HE, HE!  
We own the fault, but 'tis a fault in vogue,  
'Tis theirs, who call and bawl for — EPILOGUE!

# EPILOGUE.

O! shame upon you — for the time to come,  
 Know better --- and go miserable home.  
 'What says our COMIC GODDESS? --- with reproaches,  
 She vows her SISTER TRAGEDY encroaches!  
 And spite of all her virtue, and ambition,  
 Is known to have an am'rous disposition:  
 For in FALSE DELICACY --- wond'rous fly,  
 Join'd with a certain IRISHMAN --- O fye!  
 She made you, when you ought to laugh, to cry, ---  
 Her sister's smiles with tears she try'd to smother,  
 Rais'd such a tragi-comic kind of pother,  
 You laugh'd with one eye, while you cry'd with t'other. }  
 What can be done? --- sad work behind the scenes!  
 There comic females scold with tragic queens,  
 Each party different ways the foe assails,  
 These shake their daggers, those prepare their nails.  
 'Tis you alone must calm these dire mishaps,  
 Or we shall still continue pulling caps.  
 What is your will? --- I read it in your faces;  
 That all hereafter take their proper places, }  
 Shake hands, and kiss and friends, and --- BURN THEIR CASES.

F I N I S.

4 AP 54



